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THE
O'BRIENS
AND
THE O'FLAHERTYS.

VOL. II.

ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following more important Errata before commencing the perusal of the Volume.

Page 27, line 2, for "barbers," read *swadlere*.

91, last line, for "unwillingly," read *neglectingly*.

244, line 8, for "pithfull," read *pitiful*.

226, line 3, for "Mulaneries," read *Mulconeries*.

— line 6, dele † and transfer it to line 15, after "Moghnuagad."

223, line 13 and 14, transpose "devils" and "images."

THE
O'BRIENS
AND
THE O'FLAHERTYS;
A NATIONAL TALE.
BY LADY MORGAN.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

"A Plague o' both your Houses!"

SHAKSPEARE.

"Je me suis enquis au mielx que j'ai sçeu et pu; et je certifie à tous que ne l'ay fait ny pour or, ny pour argent, ny pour salaire, ny pour compte à faire qui soit, ny homme ny femme qui vescu: ne voulant ainsi favoriser ny blamer nul à mon pouvoir, fors seulement déclarer les choses advenues."

Du CLERCQ—*Préface des Chroniques.*

VOL. II.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1827.

SHACKELL AND BAYLIS, JOHNSON'S-COURT.

THE O'BRIENS,

AND THE

O'FLAHERTYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE GUARD-HOUSE.

Turn melancholy forth to funerals ;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

MILTON.

Meanwhile welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity,
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice, with scrupulous head,
Strict age and sage severity,
With their grave laws, in slumber lie.

MILTON.

It has always been the policy of the ruling party in Ireland, to exaggerate popular commotions into insurrectionary movements ; and to

assign to disturbances, merely local, a political origin.

The drunken riot at the Strugglers had scarcely commenced, when it was bruited about, by the secret service men of the government, as a tumult of the most deep-laid conspiracy—a *guerre à la mort*, between the people and the military, the volunteers and the garrison! the preliminary explosion of a long-concerted plot, which was to be followed up by the rising of the White Boys in the south, the Right Boys in the east, the Heart-of-Oak Boys in the west, and the Heart-of-Steel Boys in the north, with every other “wild variety” of “Boys,” which in Ireland, at all times (and particularly in the epoch alluded to), served as terms of terrorism, to scare the timid at home, and flatter the prejudices of the ignorant and credulous abroad.

The review in the Phoenix Park, distinguished by the most brilliant sham fight that had been exhibited on any similar occasion, evinced to the suspicious vigilance of government, that the old

spirit of eighty-two had suddenly received a new impulse, and was again bursting forth with more than its original splendour.

Other scintillations of public spirit, it was asserted, were hourly exploding ; which threw a light upon the state of public opinion. From the academic eloquence of the young and ardent members of the Historical Society (then the glory and pride of the university), to the less developed, but more formidable associations of the sober, civilized dissenters of Ulster, every thing intimated, to the heated imagination of the public authorities, some powerful impulsion ; against which their vigilance was to be directed. The faintest breathing in favour of parliamentary reform, or Catholic emancipation, was deemed sedition ; and the commonest street broil was considered an insurrectionary commotion.

On the first intimation, therefore, of the riot at the Strugglers, every demonstration of power and every show of fear were exhibited. Estafettes flew between the Royal Hospital and the

Mayoralty ; the castle sentinels were doubled, the castle gates were closed ; and a captain's guard was thrown into, what was then called, the "Old Guard Room," (situated in the lower court, near the ancient Chapel and Wardrobe Tower) a building long since swept away by modern improvement, and then only occupied in cases of emergency. Commands were issued to hold the troops in readiness to march upon the people ; patrols were sent out ; piquets established ; the streets were cleared, the shops closed ; and the awful silence of the capital was disturbed only by the trampling of steeds and the roll of carriages ; whose flambeaux, flaring behind, reflected a murky glare from the arms of the military.

Power and pleasure, despotism and dissipation, were then inseparable images in Irish society : and while the city exhibited the appearance of a town besieged ; the gay and the fair, the great and the dissipated, were reckless of public woe or weal ; and hastened to their various rendezvous of amusement—to the innocent pastimes of the

kutch *kutchoo* party at the provost's house, or the more select *media nocte* of the castle,—which, like those of Versailles in the pious and profligate reign of Louis the Fourteenth, were at once puerile and licentious.

Composed of persons, congregated like monies, for the sole purposes of love and mischief—frequently beginning in a game of romps, and occasionally ending in a suit at Doctors' Commons—these private relaxations were independent of all controul from the cares of public duty. Nor were any public disturbances permitted to intrude upon the elegant *délassemens* of the high officials and their particular *côteries* ; except such as might be discussed to the amusement of the Lord Lieutenant after dinner ; when fun and frolic gave a zest to business, when puns were manufactured with insurrections, heads and walnuts were cracked together, and rows and risings,—a drunken broil, or a White Boy irruption,—were treated with equal seriousness ; that is, with equal levity.

The account of the tumult had reached the

castle, just as the lovely vice-queen and her bevy of beauties had risen from table, amidst acclamations much too loud for the quietude of modern *bon ton*. These were called forth by the true Irish gallantry of a young and devoted admirer of her Excellency's, who observing the water in her finger-glass tinged with the dye of black gloves, which had sullied the rosy tips of her fingers, drank off the polluted beverage to her health ; declaring in all the ardour of Tipperary enthusiasm, " that it was sweeter than necthar, and far superior to His Excellency's Champagne," though *that* was Ferns's best !!

It was reserved for the fortunate Captain O'Mealy to announce the event of the tumult at the Strugglers ; for which purpose he called out the under secretary, a pretty boy diplomatist, the Honourable Freddy Fitzjohn, in the hopes of being called *in* himself, (for the Captain's social and civil manœuvres were infinitely more scientific than his military). The result answered to the intention. The Captain was

called in, and while the under secretary whispered the news to the chief, the chief passed it, (with the bottle), to the chancellor; who gave it, with the toast "of Kitty Cut-a-dash" to the commander of the forces; and the commander communicated it, without note or comment, to the Lord Lieutenant. Captain O'Mealy was then called on for a song; and he chaunted forth "None can love like an Irishman," an axiom denied by his Excellency, who was seconded by all the English officials present.

The board then proceeded to transact business; and the members of His Majesty's most honourable privy-council filled their glasses, and gave their opinions. The contents of many wise heads, and many bright flasks were now poured forth together. More troops were ordered out, and more wine was ordered up. The state butler and the first aid-de-camp were kept in perpetual activity. The wine was declared prime, and the times perilous. The disbanding of the volunteers, and the knighting of Ferns, were

orders carried in council, without a dissenting voice. The policy of elevating some to the peerage, and others to the gallows, was then started by Lord Knocklofty, whose family had progressively prospered by such measures; and it was agreed to by the Lord Chancellor, with a comment on the propriety of exterminating all the Catholics (one of his lordship's most favourite schemes); while the wisdom of multiplying jails and jobs, of raising barracks, for which there were no troops, and building fountains, for which there was no water,* was admitted *nem. con.*

The genial current of private feeling now

* When the erection of fountains for the *accommodation of the poor* was decreed, the jobbers fixed upon Merion-square as one of the sites. The inhabitants justly objected that there were no poor in the immediate vicinity, and that a fountain would be a public nuisance in the most elegant square of the capital. Sir Jno. De —, the advocate of the job, promised that the building should be ornamental; and that, upon his honour, *one drop of water should never be admitted into it.* He and his representatives have been true to the engagement; and the

flowed freely, with other genial currents. Particular interests mingled with general concerns; and, as confidence and claret circulated together, politics and pretty women were discussed with equal frankness and ardour. Then were brought upon the table, the services done to the state by the Ladies Knocklofty and Honoria Stratton, in a late contested election; when the Proudforts (the provincial bashaws of the country for half a century) were nearly worsted by a patriot, whose name was destined to make a part of the history of his country. In consideration of such services, Lord Knocklofty solicited a cornetcy of Dragoons, for his fair friend Lady Honoria (nothing else being get-at-able at the fountain, to this day, continues as dry as if it had been built for a powder magazine.

Over the edifice may yet be seen the following appropriate inscription, as if in mockery of the people,—

“ His saltem accumulem donis, et *fungar inani*
Munere ;”

an unlucky allusion to the decease of the Lord Lieutenant at whose command the project was undertaken.

time), which was instantly granted; and "*la belle soldat*," was immediately toasted by Lord Kilcolman, in as good French and as honest a feeling as those in which one of his celebrated countrymen, afterwards toasted "*la belle sexe*," at a similarly "highly contracting" party. Lady Knocklofty, too, was hinted at by his Excellency, as a proper person to fill the station of judge advocate, on the demise of the present incumbent; and the Chancellor in complimenting the high judicial talents of his own widowed sister, declared that her sex only incapacitated her for the situation of attorney general, which he had recently vacated. In compensation for this *salique* disability, the affectionate brother said she would accept of a pension on the concordatum list, which was ordered to be enrolled *instantanter*.

Amidst such national discussions, the council sat late and drank deep; occasionally receiving intelligence, and issuing orders; and they exhibited an unity and a mutual good under-

standing, for which the Irish cabinet has not always been remarkable. Even the Lord Lieutenant and his chief secretary, agreed upon most points; his Excellency, for once, took the lead at the board; and his secretary, for once, did not affect to act "as viceroy over him."

While the Duke was thus giving up to a "party, what was meant for mankind," a little curly-headed page ran into the dining-room, and with an arch look, presented him a bit of twisted perfumed paper. It was opened and read with *empressement*; and the page was instantly followed into the adjoining and but half lighted throne room. The temporary absence of the governor, and general governor of Ireland, afforded infinite mirth and inuendo to the whole "council assembled;" and when he returned, toasts were given, and puns were made, which left the representative of majesty in no doubt, as to the suspicions created by his sudden absence. The first to join in the jest, of which he was the subject, he observed that

affairs of state must be attended to, ordered every man to fill a bumper, called on the chancellor for a toast, and desired "Nosey Tisdall" (the court droll of the day) to sing a song, *à l'apropos*. The droll obeyed, and chaunted forth—

"Oons! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this ;"

while all the "members present" joined in the chorus of—

"No age, no profession, no station is free ;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee :"

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Meantime the Duchess and her "*allegra brigata*" waited in mortified impatience for the breaking up of the *privy council*, to begin her games of magical music, blindman's buff, or puss in the corner ; amusing themselves as they might, sometimes, like the ladies of the villa of Schiffanoza, with tales and stories, which had some points in common with those of the Decamerone ; and sometimes by mystifying a drowsy page, or

“selling a bargain” to an unsuspecting aid-de-camp ; both of whom they occasionally sent forth as scouts to bring in news of the row, and to make returns of “ the killed and wounded.” The arrival of some of their own elect, the clique of the castle in their romping frocks, drove the privy council out of the heads of the fair stateswomen ; who soon found they could “better spare” those “ better men,” whose devotion to business and to the bottle outweighed the attraction of their own splendid charms.

The play of high spirits, the excitement of inordinate vanity, (the one so often mistaken for wit, the other for passion,) were now in full operation ; and called forth whatever was brilliant and buoyant, in look or temperament of either sex. Warm blushes bloomed warmer, bright eyes shone brighter, as the plumage of tropical birds grows more vivid in the season of those transient loves, which in flutter and in brevity do not ill image the commerce so peculiar to British gallantry, called flirtation.

While each was thus engaged with each, and all with all, the patronized *protégée* of the evening, a foreign female harpist, was led in by the master of the ceremonies, in vain. The pedal harp was then such a novelty, that its very form was "*a lion*;" and yet the splendid performer, though anticipating the excellence of a Krump-holtz, had scarcely run over a few modulations, when she was called upon to symphonize the game of magical music,—a game as favourable to particular *tête-à-têtes*, as it is advantageous to forms, which in their doubtful search after the enigma of the mission, have the whole range of graceful action at their command. The paying and releasing of forfeits, however, constituted the point of the game; and Lady Honoria, as judge, contrived to turn every penalty into an epigram, shewing little mercy to her enemies, and none to her friends.

It was now Lady Knocklofty's turn to be guided by the forte and piano of the harp. After sailing round the room with the theatrical

grace of one to whom stage effect was not unknown, vainly warned, by the harmonious performer, of her remoteness from the object of her search, she became petulant, and got as much out of temper as she had before been pre-occupied; until tearing off her diamond necklace, she flung it into the Duchess's lap, which held the forfeits, exclaiming "there—give me a task and I'll perform it; but save me from the insipidity of hunting under cushions for hidden handkerchiefs, or the bore of taking Lady Mary O'Blarney's scarf and tying it round Lord Muckcross's head."

At that moment the Captain of the guard in sash and gorget, all powder and importance, joined the circle and soon became its centre. Called upon for news of the tumult, he drew up, took snuff, looked grave, and with the face of one who brought "news of price," narrated the important events of the evening, in which he had played himself the most important part. He talked of "moving accidents," of mob and

military, of rescues and reprisals, of his rencontre with the son of a catholic peer in disguise, (the real Captain Right he shrewdly suspected ;) and of his own feather cropped, and three hairs of his whisker singed, (the parties were produced in court as corroborating testimonies). But when he discovered that Captain Right, who had acted so very wrong, was not only the son of a catholic peer in disguise, but the volunteer victor of the Star Fort, "whose officiousness," added Captain O'Mealy, looking at Lady Knocklofty, "prevented every man on the ground from flying to her Ladyship's assistance," then the last "*colpo di pennello*," was given to the picture; and though some doubted, and some disbelieved, all were interested, because all were amused and excited.

At the Duchess's request, however, the unfinished game of magical music was again resumed. Lady Knocklofty was called upon to redeem her forfeit; and Lady Honoria, the judge of "what was to be done to

the owner of that superfine thing," decreed that she should fulfil a task which appeared impracticable to all, and which was possible only to one too interested in its performance to hastily abandon the attempt.

While the collective wisdom of the nation had been thus occupied in the dining-room of the castle, in providing for the exigencies of the times, and the ladies in the drawing-room, in providing for their own amusements, the tumult had been quelled, by the wisdom, prudence, and activity, of a single magistrate; and the most conspicuous actor in the conflict, placed under the guard of Captain O'Mealy (who had been obliged to relinquish the distinction of his Excellency's society, to take command of a patrol), had been marched a prisoner to the castle guard-house. He had walked firmly and rapidly in the midst of his mounted guard; while Captain O'Mealy, riding on one side, and occasionally throwing his eyes over the person of his prisoner, somewhat shadowed by the

group in which he was merged, sung out, for his own amusement, and the benefit of the public, his favourite air of

“ We Irish boys, both high and low,
Are clivir, brisk, and handy,
And the ladies, every where we go,
All swear we are the dandy.
To be sure we are, and indeed we are;
With my hie! folathrum Leary.
To be sure, &c.”

This jocund genuine Irish air he sometimes varied for the more placid melody of “*Maw chare amy*,” which he gave with a *cantabile* that had often excited the admiration, and drawn to the window many a “*chère amie*,” to whom his vocal powers were not unknown, in the neighbourhood between the barracks and the castle—his

“ Daily haunts and ancient neighbourhood.”

Though Ennis born, the Captain was Dublin bred; and he had served his time to a button-maker in Wine Tavern-street, which had been

the scene of the night's conflict. With "a soul above buttons," and a voice above par,—with the most dauntless impudence and the finest barytone—Barnaby O'Mealy had pushed and sung himself into the first company in the capital, and into the last company of "Royal Irish," one of those regiments "*de circonstance*," something between a job and an expediency, which served the purposes of the government for the time being, and filled the pockets of the Colonel permitted to raise it.

When the patrol had reached Wine Tavern-street, the Captain commanded a halt on the scene of the recent action, which was still strewn with commemorating fragments of the battle. The old dilapidated tavern of "the Strugglers," lay in deep shadow, (the moon rising behind it), and was confounded with the formless mass of walls of its ill-assorted neighbour, the Franciscan nunnery; where a faint twinkle of light streamed from the solitary grated casement already noticed: haply some votive taper of a

vestal shrine, which was suddenly extinguished, as the clanking of hoofs resounded on the pavement beneath, and scared the vigilance of the pious votarist "by sounds unholy." A sentinel kept guard at the shattered door of the tavern.

"Cintry," cried out Captain O'Mealy, "did this thing appear again to-night?" as Hamlet in the immortal Shakspeare says;—that is, did any of thim rebelly, ruffianly, papist mob appear here upon the premises?"

An answer in the negative, with the assertion "That all was right," satisfied the Captain; who had only asked the question and made the halt, in his love of habitual display. But a man loitering near the place having volunteered some vague information, instantly engaged his attention; and much idle and unmeaning talk ensued, which produced the effect intended by the Captain, gradually gathering an auditory around him, and bringing heads to every window, and spectators to every door.

When a full half hour had thus been dawdled away, the word was again given to the guard, and they continued their route, followed by many of the mob ; while the captain again raised his clear, mellow, but vulgarly modulated voice, to the reiterated *refrain* of—

“ Maw chare amy—he-he,
Maw chare amy,
Maw chare amy—he-he-he,
Maw chare amy.”

The party had now turned into High-street, which was more spacious and better lighted than the remoter avenues, giving to the Captain a more perfect view of the person of his prisoner, whose head was now in strong relief, though the rest of his figure was in shadow. Captain O'Mealy neared his horse, and taking the place of one of his men, accosted the prisoner with—“ I believe I have seen you somewhere before, to-day ; at laste, I take it for granted, if not much mistaken ?”

“ 'Tis probable, Sir,” was the cold reply.

“ If I'm not greatly decaived, you are the

young lad who led on the attack upon the Star Fort,—I think I recollect your prawfile?"

"I had that honour," said the youth, with animation.

"It was a mighty nate thing, 'pon my honour,—that is, for the volunteers. The reglars (barring we cavalry) couldn't do it better; you must have had a good many rehearsals to get it up so well, as we say at Lady Ely's Attic; and it's a pity but so genteel a beginning should have so—so—"

"So what, Sir?" interrupted the prisoner, petulantly.

"So unlucky an inding, Sir, that's all," said the Captain, "for though a row is a good thing in itself, and what no gentleman need be ashamed of, yet it all depinds upon the style of getting it up. It's only a little while ago, that my friend, Lord Knocklofty, myself, Kilcolman, and the three Honourable O'Mullins's got into the devil's own row, returning a little disguised, as we say in Ireland, from the Lord

Chancellor's, and were all clapped up in the watch-house—give you my honour we were—which reminded us of the prince and the chief justice, in the immortal Shakespeare; but there is every difference in life, in getting into a scrape with men of quality, and fighting with the commonalty, and taking their parts."

"There is, indeed," replied the prisoner, emphatically.

"And it's pity but a fine young fellow, like yourself, should get into a scrape, that may be the ruin of you; for if you are an indintured apprintice, as I suppose you are,—and, by the by, may I ask your trade?"

"My trade, Sir?"

"Oh, it's all in the way of kindness," continued Captain O'Mealy, with a patronizing air; "for I might be the making of you, in the way of getting you the pathronage of the greatest lady in Ireland; for I'm hand in glove with thim all, from the Lady-Lieutenant down—"

The young man tossed his head haughtily,

and drawing up his college robe, which had fallen mid-way down his figure, so wrapped its folds over his arms, as to display, in full light, the gold tassels still pendant from its hanging sleeves. As they glittered in the moonlight, they caught the eye of Captain O'Mealy, who now first observed the University cap and robe of his prisoner. He remained silent for a moment, as if collecting himself for a new train of ideas; and then dismounting, he gave his horse to one of his men, and taking his place beside the prisoner, observed—"I ask pardon if I've made a little mistake in taking you for a mechanic, Sir; but I believe I have the honour of addressing a young collegian, and a *non nobis domine*."

"A what, Sir?" demanded the young man, smilingly.

"Why, a nobleman's son; at least I suppose so, from the gold tassels. Sir, I beg to introduce myself to the honour of your acquaintance; my name, Sir, is Captain Barnaby O'Mealy, of the Royal Irish."

“ And mine, Sir,” said the prisoner, touching his cap, “ is Murrogh O’Brien.”

“ The Honourable Murrogh, son of the Earl of Inchiquin, I presume ?”

“ No, Sir ; a son of Lord Arranmore.”

“ Lord Arranmore ! I have not the honour of knowing his lordship, which is extraordinary ; as I may say the whole rid binch are my intimate frinds and particular acquaintances ; a new crayation, I presume ?”

“ No, Sir, a very old title revived.”

“ Humph ! Mr. O’Brien, you are a happy man, Sir.”

Mr. O’Brien smiled, in the probable conception that his position was a singular one for a happy man ; while Captain O’Mealy, passing his arm familiarly through that of his prisoner, continued—“ A very happy man, Sir ; for I believe you are the very identical individual, now I look at you close, that saved the life of Lady Knocklofty, by stopping those devil’s own skitish animals of her’s, and——”

“ Was that Lady Knocklofty ? ” interrupted the prisoner, with an obvious interest in the question.

“ It was, Sir ; the most intimate friend I have upon earth, and wonder but you should know her, Mr. O'Brien ; for, if I'm not intirely dcaived and much mistaken, all people of quality know each other.”

“ I have not been long in Ireland ; and since my return to my native country, my time has been exclusively occupied by my collegiate pursuits. Had I gone into society, I could not fail to have distinguished a person so attractive as Lady Knocklofty.”

“ Oh, that alters the case intirely,” said Captain O'Mealy ; “ but thim that never went among the people of fashion, might know Lady Knocklofty : she drives on Sundays in the Phaynix, and on the Circular every day in the week, with her Excellency ; and, as the ballad says—

“ If you'd wish to see her Grece,
The circular road it is the plece ;

For there ahe day she drives her gig,
With her hair tied up like a barber's wig."

"Is her ladyship a widow?" asked the young man, with interest and pre-occupation.

"A widow, is it she? Why, Mr. O'Brien, you must be a stranger indeed, not to know that Albina, Countess Knocklofty, is the wife of the Right Honourable Claudius Antoninus Marcus Frederick Proudfort, Earl of Knocklofty, Baron St. Grellan, Viscount Mount Raven—a Baronet and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Mayo; a member of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, Knight of the most noble Order of St. Patrick, Colonel of the Royal Irish, Captain of the St. Grellan Loyal Volunteers, Keeper of the Privy Sale, Chief Remembrancer of the Exchequer, First Commissioner of the Customs, Reversionary Secretary of State, Governor of the Lying-in and Foundling Hospitals, Master of the Revels, and Searcher, Packer, and Guager of the Port of St. Grellan. Brother to

one archbishop, and nephew to another; uncle to three bishops, four deans, and two archdeacons, and the head of the greatest, most powerfulest, and loyallest family of his Majesty's dominions of Ireland."

The captain here paused for want of breath, and his prisoner observed—"He is a happy man; Lady Knocklofty is a very attractive and beautiful person."

"Oh, she's a lovely fine crature surely—

'The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight does thim lamps,'

as the immortal Shakespeare says; only she wears too much rouge, as I often tell her. Lady Knocklofty, dear, says I, I wish you would allow me to rouge you; for its I have the notes for it, and paints all the faces at Lady Ely's for stage effect. By-the-bye, Mr. O'Brien, if you get out of this scrape, as I expect you will, being a lord's son, I'll inthroduce you at Knocklofty House, I will, pon my honour;

and between ourselves (lowering his voice confidentially), you are not quite unknown to her Ladyship, for I pointed you out to her as she was driving off after the accident. Lady Knocklofty, says I, that's your haro, says I, —pon your honour! says she; pon my honour, says I: upon which, O'Mealy, says she, tell him, says she—in fact, she said as much, as that she meant to provide for you *de viv wau!*”

The prisoner was a moment silent; and then said, “Any mark of Lady Knocklofty's notice, could not fail to be a distinction; and I would certainly rather receive it *de vive voix*, than by any intermediate means.

The answer evidently puzzled Captain O'Mealy; but resolved rather “to burst in ignorance,” than betray it, he continued to him, “If you would wish to see her Grace,” while debating in his mind what sort of an appointment *de viv wau* might be, which the son of a nobleman preferred to any other.

The party had now passed by the guarded gates of the upper Castle-yard (the residence of the viceroy), and decending Cork-hill, presented themselves at the lower court; when signs and countersigns were asked and given, pass words whispered, and all the military mysteries of times of civil broil, strictly observed. They were then permitted to enter.

The Castle of Dublin, a strong fortress, erected in the thirteenth century, for the defence of the capital, and of the English government, had once contained within its moated walls, the high court of Parliament, and courts of justice, with state prisons, state dungeons, state chapel, state gambling houses, and all the other appendages of state, belonging to an order of things, founded on force and violence. Though few vestiges now remained of these features of a feudal despotism—though no draw-bridge, or portcullis impeded the ingress, though no constable of the keep or gentleman porter was visible on the walls, though no body of warders

or troop of archers, or pike-men bearded the ramparts, to scan such as, once entering them, "left hope behind,"—still this ancient fort, and modern chateau, appeared to the imagination, and low toned spirits of the prisoner, sufficiently awful. He had been in lands, where such strong holds were more than monuments of the lawless power of darker and more distant times: he had lived under institutions, which made the will of one, the law of all; and where a word or breath sufficed to incarcerate for life in such fearful edifices, the young and hopeful, the brave and bold. But recently returned to his native country, with a memory stored by reading, and early associations, with its ancient history, the towers of the Castle of the pale were still beheld with emotion, by one who considered himself by name and by descent the representative of the "mere Irish."

The lower castle-yard still indeed bore some resemblance to the description made of it in the preceding century, as a "space or court, to the

east of the Castle, where stood the chapel for the service of the household, a lodging for the office of groom-porter, or gaming table, the Provost-Marshall's prison, the armoury and dwelling to the smiths and armourers, the wardrobe tower, the stable of the chief governour, and a range of fair buildings, the offices of war, ordnance, treasury, and for the regulating of the deeds and conveyances of the kingdom and the like." * Most of these offices remained, and were now guarded by pacing sentinels ; while the moon, as it shone from behind the wardrobe tower, and its ancient adjunct, the Castle chapel, threw a broad and picturesque shadow upon the pavement, with a singular effect.

" ' I do not like the towers of any place,' as th' immortal Shakspeare says ;" observed Captain O'Mealy, pointing to the building.

" Nor I neither," said the prisoner, with a sigh.

* Ware's Antiquities.

“ Did Julius Caisar build that tower ?” asked the Captain, still quoting from the only author with whom chance had made him acquainted.

“ No,” said the prisoner, replying with *naïveté* to the question, and falling into the general error of mistaking the wardrobe tower for the Birmingham. “ It was erected, I have read, by the English deputy, John de Birmingham, Baron of Athenry, in 1342. From that tower the gallant O'Donnel, of Tyrconnel, escaped from the tyranny of Elizabeth. From that tower, high as it is, escaped the brave Lord Delvin, one of the unfortunate few who, struggling for the independence of Ireland, sought to effect it at every risk.”

“ Lord Delvin, do you tell me that ?—why, he is one of our private thayathricals at Lady Ely's, and acts in ‘the gang’ to my Macheath.”

“ I mean the Lord Delvin of 1600, who was committed in ward here for joining in a con-

spiracy with the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, my own ancestors."

"The Earl of Tyrone," interrupted the Captain, confused by names so familiar. "Is it the great Beresford, Earl of Tyrone, my partiklar acquaintance and intimate friend?"

"No," said the youth, smiling, "the great O'Neal, Earl of Tyrone, who, in league with the Lord Maguire...."

"Oh! I know,—a relative of the honourable Kitty's?"

..... "O'Cahan, and other chieftains of the sept of Ulster, intended to surprise the castle of Dublin, cut off the Lord Deputy and council, dissolve the state, and set up a government of their own."

"O the rebelly papist thieves," interrupted Captain O'Mealy, indignantly.

"On the contrary," said the youth, with an earnestness singular in one in his position, "it was a papist who betrayed this conspiracy; but though Lord Delvin was in charge of the con-

stable, the stern Tristram Eccleston, he escaped. There are resources in the brave and the enterprising, which, like those of Heaven, are inscrutable."

As the prisoner spoke with vehemence, Captain O'Mealy gazed on him in evident doubt and amazement, mentally observing, "I wouldn't wonder if the Honourable Murrogh was Captain Right, devil a wonder;" a suspicion that brought with it a host of speculations, which afterwards formed the ground-work of his details in the Duchess's drawing-room.

The party had now drawn up to the guard-house, which formed a part of the mass of building adjoining to the old chapel, and had been one of those "nameless towers"* which have since been taken down to make room for other necessary buildings. The prisoner was conducted in the usual form, and given up to the lieutenant of the guard, a pursy, ponderous, elderly gentleman, whom Captain O'Mealy in-

* Ware.

troduced as Lieutenant Ellis, of the Royal Irish. In consideration of the prisoner's rank, as Captain O'Mealy observed, he would be permitted to remain in the officer's room, to which he was at once conducted, till he should be given up to the civil power in the morning.

"And now, my dear O'Brien," said the Captain familiarly, and drawing his dear O'Brien into a little den, which a camp-bed and dressing-table shewed to be the sleeping-room of the officer on guard; "I've just a word for your private ear, while I *tit-a-vate* myself a taste for her Excellency's little private paurty, and shake a dust of powdher into my whiskers. I needn't tell you, you've a friend in court in your humble servant, and will spake to Lady Knocklofty to back you out of this bit of a scrape: I'm just stepping in to meet her at her Grace's private paurty, and—"

"To Lady Knocklofty! no, I intreat you," interrupted his prisoner eagerly.

"Death alive, man! the women of quality

will like you the better for a bit of a row. Why, what is there so much the go as Viscount Killkelly and Baron Killcoachy, as we call my friend *Sir Terence Flynn*, of county Galway, the chief of the Pinking Dindies, who nateley pinked his friend in a duel in the morning, and killed his coachman with a tinis ball in the afternoon; and an't them *Cherokees* too, an't they the life of the place; frightening all th' ould ladies in their sedan chairs, smashing the fine furniture of their particular friends, and playing H-ll and Tommy through the town? But at all events hadn't I better go to my lord your father, for I suppose he knows nothing of your situation, and inthroduce myself to him as ——"

"I am not quite sure that my father is in town, at least he was not this evening."

"Well, any how, I'll go and thry to-morrow," said Captain O'Mealy officiously; and secretly determined to add his lordship's name

to his list of titled acquaintance—"where does he keep, when he is in it?"

"At O'Brien House," answered the prisoner with some hesitation.

"O'Brien House! humph! Well, sure I'll be there at cock-crow; some where about the new squares, or Stephens' Green, I suppose?"

"No, its an ancient family mansion, and lies in what was once the principal quarter of Dublin."

"And where is that?" O'Brien hesitated—then replied, "along the south bank of the river."

"Oh, aye, I know,—near Moira House, where I'm to be introduced next week."

"Further still, it occupies part of that ground, called Lord Galway's walk."

"Why? it's like the house that Jack built at the back of God's speed; but stay," said Captain O'Mealy, taking up the almanack that lay on his table, and probably doubting the

truth of O'Brien's information. "Here's ould tell truth; let us see Lord Arranmore! aye, here it is, the Right Honourable Terentius O'Brien, Baron of Arranmore—O'Brien House, Dublin—Castle of Dunn Engus, isles of Arran—Grouse Lodge, Connemara. Well, Sir, if your father isn't well lodged, it isn't for want of houses; though, to be sure, they are something out of the line of fire, as we say in the Royal Irish. But now, mind, have a bit of a note ready by the time I come back from Her Excellency's small, little, private paurty, and I'll find out his lordship, if he's above ground, and make your pace with him, to-morrow morning, 'pon my honour I will."

"To save you all trouble," said O'Brien, impatiently, "my college-porter will deliver him a letter from me, if you will have the kindness to let your servant leave it at the Porter's Lodge of the University."

"Well, my dear fellow, give you my honour I'm greatly intherested for you, and when you

are out of this scrape, and enters bail, and that sort of thing, will get you to introduce me to my lord your father, and hopes you will both take a friendly dinner with me. So keep yourselves disengaged for some day next week ; and I'll ask Knocklofty and the Chancellor, and a few others, to meet you : and now I lave you the reversion of my toylit, since you're a little flustered or so ; and wash the blood spots off that comely fine face of your's, and I'll send Serjeant Flanagan, who is a great bone-setter, to put a taste of gold-baither's lafe over the scratch on your timple, and a bit of black plaister over that, which will look for all the world like a beauty spot ; and then Lieutenant Ellis will invite you to supper. So, fare you well till we meet, which will be soon, as I must return to my guard in an hour or two."

O'Mealy then once more recommended his noble prisoner to the attention of his ancient Pistol, Lieutenant Ellis, and, tittivated and powdered up to the highest bent of his personal

ambition, the captain of the guard sallied forth to parade his vulgar absurdities to her Excellency's select *côterie*, where his reception has been already described.

The reversion of the toilette of the Irish military Adonis, was an advantage of which O'Brien was happy to avail himself; and having benefited by the skill and black patch of Serjeant Flanagan, and pulled up his black stock, after the manner of Captain O'Mealy, ruffled his handsome head into a mass of curls, laid aside his customary robe of "inky black," and permitted the serjeant to brush the dust from his green uniform, he presented himself in the guard-room.

Lieutenant Ellis, a coarse, dashing, vulgar-looking person, alone occupied this apartment; and was seated at the fire, poring over the orderly book, and sipping brandy and water. He motioned to the prisoner to take a seat, and insisted on his swallowing a glass of the potation, with such importunity, that it was vain to resist. The

refusal of a second glass, and a cold answer to his idle questions, soon gave him impressions of the prisoner's character and designs, not very advantageous. Silence and sobriety were, in the estimation of Lieutenant Ellis, misprisions of treason: with him, the man who would not talk or drink, was "fit for plots and stratagems;" and unwilling to keep company with one at once so dangerous and so dull, so sober and so seditious, he drained off his goblet, read out the last order to the serjeant of the guard, and retired to the little bed-room, where he soon gave audible intimation of *his* manner of keeping watch and ward.

The prisoner, meantime, had seated himself on an old-fashioned settle, beside the guard-room fire, and availing himself of some writing materials, which lay on the table, began a letter, dated from the castle guard-house. Having written "my dear father," he paused. To this dear father he had much to say; but the current of his ideas was dried up. The ex-

haustion of fatigue fell heavily both on body and mind ; nature had gone to her uttermost ; and the will and the intellect were alike in abeyance. The pen fell from his hand, his eyes closed ; he sank gradually on the old settle, and life was soon to him as though it were not. As he lay with one arm pillowing his head, the other thrown listlessly over his breast, he imaged, in the grace of his attitude, and the youth and beauty of his person, the “ *sommeil d'Endymion*,” such as the genius of painting, in various ages, has represented it.

The clock of the castle had struck, but he had taken no note of time ! Ages or hours, a minute or a night, might have elapsed between the last sensation of slumbering drowsiness and the first of awakening consciousness, which was occasioned by a painful tingling that ran across his closed lids, and induced him instinctively to press them still closer. Though his eyes were deeply shaded by the long dark lashes, and by his upraised hand, the painful sensation became

more and more intense; till starting up, in sudden and full wakefulness, he perceived that the uneasiness arose from a burst of light, held close to his face.

At his waking, the person who held it, drew back abruptly into a remote corner; and he could just perceive that it was a stranger, muffled in a military cloak, and that they were alone. Before, however, he could make further observation or inquiry, Serjeant Flanagan came forth from Lieutenant Ellis's room, and giving the stranger a paper, said, "Plaze your honour, it's all right—that's enough, Sir, if a man was condemned to five hundred—the prisoner is to attind you."

The stranger now advanced a little, in the direction of a small, low arched door in the guard-room, which seemed to lead into the interior of the building. There he paused, and touching his hat with a slight *dégagé* military salute, observed, in an affected and effeminate voice, "Serjeant, acquaint the gentleman with

my order ; or, stay—you had better shew it to him.”

Flanagan presented the paper to the prisoner, who was now on his feet, and had taken up his cap, and drawn on his robe. It was an order, in the proper technical form, empowering the lieutenant of the guard to give up the prisoner, the Honourable Murrough O'Brien, to the bearer. What was most extraordinary in the event was, that it was dignified by the signature of the Lord Lieutenant.

“ May I ask, Sir,” demanded O'Brien, “ whither I am to be removed ?”

“ For the present,” replied the young officer, “ not I hope beyond the castle walls ; for it is cursed cold,” (and he folded his cloak more closely round him), “ and to-night's duty is no joke.”

“ I suppose I'm about to be called up for examination then ?” demanded the prisoner.

“ Yes, for examination—there is no doubt of that.”

“ Before a civil or a military tribunal ?” asked O'Brien anxiously.

“ Oh, *very civil*,” replied the officer, in an accent, that struck upon the just then irritable nerves of his prisoner to be jocular even to jeering. All the blood of the O'Briens rushed into his face; and resolving to ask no more questions, he followed his guide in sullen silence; who led the way through a low, arched postern—the serjeant lighting them with his guard-room light, which, as he held it on high, discovered an obscure stone passage.

“ There,” said the young officer, “ take away your greasy light; the smell is suffocation. Can't government light guard-rooms, with something that an't grease? pah !”

The serjeant offended by the haughty manner of this “ officer, who was no soldier,” but appeared to be some dandy youth of quality, recently initiated into the coarseness of military service, suddenly slapped the door,

and left the guard and the guarded alike in utter darkness.

“ By Jove,” exclaimed the young officer, “ this is a pleasant adventure ! The lamp that hung here, too, is extinguished ; but don't be afraid, Sir.”

“ 'Tis not my habit, Sir,” replied the prisoner, abruptly.

“ I know the way,” (continued the young leader) “ 'tis a private one, between the lower and upper court ; a short cut, though an ugly one. It saves exposure, however, to night air. Stay, Sir, here are three steps—give me your hand—one, two, three—and now on, and step boldly.”

The prisoner, with a feeling of extreme provocation, literally obeyed his finical guide, gave his hand, and “ stepped on boldly ;” when suddenly, and with a movement not unobserved, he involuntarily removed his cap ; for by some illusion of the senses, some dream of the fancy,

he was struck by the odd conviction, that the ungloved hand that led him—

——“to whose soft seizure,
The cygnet's down was harsh,”

was—a woman's!

“You had better not uncover your head,” said the officer, looking over his shoulder, as a gleam of light, from the further extremity of the passage, discovered the act.

“I did so upon instinct,” said the prisoner, laughingly, “I was scarcely conscious that I did it at all.”

“It must have been a strange instinct; to what conclusion did it lead you?”

“For an instant, that I was in a woman's presence.”

“Well, stand not upon the gallantry of your instinct, but resume your cap; for these passages are damp. Curse these boots; I wish the fellow that made them was wedged into one of them, up to his neck—they must have been made on

the last of the Irish giant. I beg your pardon for a moment, pray hold my spur,"—and he paused to arrange the "cursed boot," which he had hitherto evidently dragged after him with difficulty. "And so (he continued, in his lisping tone) you have had the romance to turn this no very pleasant event, of being brought up for midnight examination, into—a *bonne fortune*?"

"A *bonne fortune*," repeated the prisoner angrily, and feeling his cheek tingle with a sudden blush at the coxcombical supposition.

"Aye, to be sure," replied the officer, still fiddling with his boot, "for if you could think that a lady led you along these mysterious passages, at this witching time of night, it follows of course,".....

"No, Sir," (interrupted the prisoner petulantly), "I thought nothing about the matter. The fact is, I am not yet half awake. I was taken by surprise out of a deep sleep; a soft voice and a soft hand did the rest, and led to the absurd idea."

“Not so absurd neither,” (said the officer).

“This castle is a frolicsome place; and women, who keep grown gentlemen at arm’s-length, do sometimes interest themselves for us boys.”

“Because it is for us boys only, they can do so with impunity,” was the reply.

“Humph! not always, we flatter ourselves,” said the officer conceitedly, taking back his spur and moving on. “It sometimes happens our spirits are too bold for our years.”

“Say rather,” said the prisoner laughing, “that our years are too few for our spirits.”

“You may uncover your head now, if you will,” (observed the officer, passing through a little grated door, through which the faint light had hitherto proceeded), “for now you are on holy ground.”

The officer paused; and the prisoner perceived with surprise, that they stood in the centre of an ancient chapel, doubly, but dimly lighted by the waning moon, which streamed

through its gothic casements of painted glass in many vivid lines, borrowed from the robe of St. Patrick, or the girdle of St. Bridget,—and by the flickering red light of a waxen taper, in a brazen chandelier, suspended above a little gallery, which had the air of a royal tribune in a Catholic church.

“Many a stout heart has quailed here,” said the young officer, with theatrical emphasis; “for this chapel communicates with Birmingham Tower, the State Prison. Many an Irish rebel, many an O’Neil, an O’Donnel, and an O’Brien too, were shriven here, on their way to execution: ‘arch rebels all, time immemorial, they say.’”

“Rebels, indeed!” exclaimed the prisoner with vehemence: “there are still many, I believe, in Ireland, who sigh for the return of those terrible times, when love of country was a penal crime, and the life of a native Irishman had its price, like the head of the Irish wolf; but there are still, be it hoped, many who would

die a thousand deaths, to prevent their recurrence."

"Let such be silent here," said the young officer, in an admonitory tone; and proceeding on, they passed through a lateral door, under the gallery,—but not before the prisoner thought he heard a rush of sounds above, like the flutter of birds disturbed into sudden flight. He was now much struck by the oddity of this manner of being "brought up for examination." A doubt, a confusion of ideas, or rather of sensations, left him without the power of reflection or inference; and all other functions were, for the time, "smothered in surmise."

"Does your spirit flag?" asked the officer, as they passed from a matted gallery into a stone and vaulted passage, in utter darkness, save from a distant flash which gleamed at its further extremity.

"Not a jot," was the careless reply. "Come what come may, I am prepared."

"Give me a proof of your presence of mind,"

said the officer, turning short round to his prisoner.

“What proof do you ask?” was the laughing reply.

“Quote me a line instantly from any author, in any language, no matter what; but be quick.”

“ ‘Di mia sciochezza tosto fui pentito,
Ma troppo mi trovai lungo dal lito,’ ”

replied the now almost amused, and thoroughly awakened prisoner.

“Oh! you know Italian: where did you learn it?”

“In Italy.”

“In Italy? but you are an Irishman!”

“Soul and body.”

“Humph!” said the interrogator, significantly. “*Tant pis pour vous*.—You have, at least, the Irish qualities of wit and courage: but wit and courage, without discretion, will not avail, where you are about to appear.”

"I fear I should want both," (said the prisoner, in evident excitement, and again strangely puzzled by the oddity of the adventure,) "if that which is impossible should be true; like some dogmas in religion."

"Oh! you are at your instincts again, are you?" asked the guide archly.

"May I beg to ask you a question?" was the eager reply.

"I can answer no questions now, Sir," said the officer coldly, and quickening his creeping pace: "I have already held too much parley with a prisoner, though all about nothing at all; and nothing can come of nothing. So now, follow, and be silent."

As he spoke, they issued from the stone passage, into a spacious, handsome, and architectural vestibule. Its roof was supported by massive pillars; and its marble pavement was heavily paced by sentinels, who carried arms to the plumed helmet of the officer, as he passed.

At the moment, when they were about to

ascend a broad and noble staircase, which branched into two flights at the first landing, the state-porter in the outer hall, cried pompously, "The Lord Chief Justice's chair."

"The Lord Chief Justice is coming down," replied the footman, in the same vociferating tone, from the corridor above.

"The Commander of the Forces' carriage stops the way," cried the porter, below.

"The Commander of the Forces is coming down," was the answer from above.

At this solemn announcement of the approach of two great officers of state, the guide and guard of the prisoner suddenly turned back on his steps, beckoning to his charge to follow. Tripping lightly back, through the passage they had already cleared, he opened a door to the left of that matted gallery, through which they had issued from the chapel, and silently, but with a significant gesture, ascended a flight of narrow, ill-lighted, stone steps, terminating at

another door. The door opened, and discovered an unexpected vista to the amazed prisoner. It was a long corridor, with a stuccoed and ornamented roof, containing many small cupolas; from each of which were pendant massy gilt chandeliers, filled with wax-lights. It opened on either side by a succession of doors, to different suites of apartments; while the intervals were filled with sofas of scarlet, on which lounged or slept, a numerous train of pages, grooms of the chamber, and footmen in gorgeous liveries. A door, flung open, at the further extremity, discovered an armoury, where a group of beef-eaters were gathered round the fire. To the right, a foreshortened view appeared of the broad stone stairs, with the pacing battle-axe; from which the officer had turned at the approach of the Chief Justice: (an incident which convinced the prisoner, that he was acting under some private and secret authority, unknown to the privy-

counsellors). Beyond all, and terminating the perspective, was visible the moon-lighted vastness of St. Patrick's Hall.

At about the middle of the corridor, the officer paused. A groom of the chamber flew to open a door to the right, which as they entered was quickly closed after them ; and the parties found themselves in a dimly lighted room. A solitary wax candle here and there just dispelled the utter darkness, and faintly designed the stately forms of a throne and canopy, with heavy draperies of dark velvet, and a few old pictures in cumbrous frames. All was silent and still, save a faint burst of merriment, which was scarcely caught through the double doors of an adjoining apartment ; and which was soon overpowered by the full tones of a harp.

The air performed was not unknown to its spell-bound auditor ; whose senses responded to the mellifluous sounds in most amazed sympathy. It was peculiar to that region, where he last had heard it ; and was part of

a celebrated litany, sung in the Santa Chiesa di Loretto at Rome, to which the modern auditory of Europe have since listened with undiminished rapture.*

“Where is that music?” demanded O'Brien, eagerly.

“In the spheres,” was the reply.

Though too confused for conjecture, O'Brien was now half inclined not to advance further, till he had some explanation with his leader; who, with his hand upon the lock of a double door, (within the deep and dark embrasure of which he already stood,) beckoned him on.

“I cannot, Sir,” he said: “I will not proceed further, till you tell me for what purpose I have been brought thus far.”

“A soldier, and afraid!” exclaimed the young officer, scoffingly. “What danger do you suspect, Sir?”

* Well known, by Rossini's adoption of it, as the motive of *Di tanti palpiti*. I give the anecdote as I found it, without vouching for its accuracy.

“None; but I fear——”

“What? Out with it, man!”

“A ridicule,” returned the bewildered prisoner.

“A ridicule! a dainty fear truly for the ring-leader of a riot, and a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin.”

“You talked of the castle being a frolicsome place,” said the prisoner, advancing to the doorway, and now full of the idea that he was the victim of some anti-chamber mystification—perhaps in the hands of a mischievous page, or possibly in those of the vulgar O’Mealy, who might be engaged to shew him up for the amusement of his friends, “the people of quality.”

“Why, yes,” said the young officer, lowering his voice, and beckoning to his charge to advance, “so it is a frolicsome place; and I know it was even proposed this night to Lady Knocklofty, whose life, by the by, you saved to-day”

“Lady Knocklofty,” said her champion,

with emotion, and entering the embrasure to catch the words.

“Stay,” said the officer, speaking in a whisper, “close the door behind you, and I’ll tell you all.”

The prisoner obeyed, and they were for an instant in utter darkness. The music ceased, and the officer, taking his hand, emphatically whispered, from the motto of his own colours—“*Fais ce que doy, arrive que pourra,*”—then throwing open the second door, drew him quickly forward, into a blaze of light and beauty,—into the presence of the vice-queen, and her merry court. A shout of “bravos,” received the officer and his charge; and while the latter “stood a statue,” the former threw aside his helm and cloak, and knocking off the “cursed boots,” from the silken slippered feet they had encumbered, discovered the imposing and splendid figure of Albina Countess Knocklofty.

CHAPTER II

THE FROLIC

Avea in ogni sua parte un laccio teso,
O parli, o rida, o canti, o passo mova,
Nè maraviglio è se Ruggier n' è preso,
Poi che tanto benigna se la trova.
Quel ch'è di lei già avea dal mirto inteso
Com' è perfida e ria, poco gli giova.
Che inganno o tradimento non gli è avviso,
Che possa star con sì soave riso.

ORL., FUR. vii. 16.

“THERE,” said Lady Knocklofty, throwing off her ponderous helmet, shaking out her ruffled drapery of soufflet gauze, (which the cloak of Captain O’Mealy, borrowed for her disguise, had crushed,) and resuming her turban *à la Roxalane*—“There, good folks, give me your applause, for I have won it hard and well.”

“I fear we must give you more than that,” said Lady Honoria peevishly, “if you hold us to the letter of our foolish bets.”

“ Hold you ! to be sure I shall, my dear,” returned Lady Knocklofty, in the greatest possible excitement, and evidently concealing some flutter of feeling, under an affected eagerness about her bets. “ I have done *my* part ;—now for yours. Duchess, my diamonds ; Kilcolman, your cool hundred ; Freddy Fitz John, your ten to one ; Lady Honoria, name your night for the sally-lun and raking pot of tea, after the play ! A good let off, let me tell you, dear ; so no grumbling.”

“ I rise to explain,” said Lady Honoria, affecting humour, to cover out her real annoyance ; for she had taken up some by-bets on the non-performance of Lady Knocklofty’s frolic, which were not as easily paid off, as the sally-lun, and its raking accompaniment—“ I believe, Lady Knocklofty, that the bets stood thus——”

“ My dear Honoria,” said Lady Knocklofty, laughing violently, and speaking vehemently, “ all your wit won’t save your tea-pot. ‘ Till

thou can'st rail my seal from off my bond,' ” she added, theatrically, “ ‘ thou but offendest thy lungs to speak.’ ”

“ The betting-book will decide all,” said the Honourable Freddy Fitz John, (a pretty little sucking secretary,) who, pert and priggish, passed the precocity of a smart school-boy, as the earnest of future talents he was destined never to exhibit ; and who, as a considerable loser in the betting speculations of the evening, was mentally applying his “ Giles-Gingerbread ” diplomacy to the raising supplies for the liquidation of his “ losses.”

“ The betting-book, the betting-book,” called out the comptroller of the household, (over which he held no controul).

“ The book, the book,” re-echoed the Honourable and Reverend the Dean of the Chapel, (the first of his Excellency's thirty chaplains,) who had just joined the party from the dining-room, full of the spirit, and without the grace to check an hiccup as he called for “ the book,”—

which might have been the Talmud or the Alcoran, Joe Miller or Jonathan Wild, for all he knew to the contrary.

The "*compte rendu*" of the aid-de-camp's room was immediately produced ; and one of the gentlemen in ordinary read out as follows from its pages :—

" The Countess Knocklofty having, at the game of magical music, forfeited her diamond necklace, engages to redeem it by the performance of the following feat, viz., she will release the prisoner brought this evening to the guard-house, in the lower castle-yard, by Captain O'Mealy, and produce him in the presence of her Excellency the Duchess of Belvoir, before the clock strikes twelve.

" N. B. It is understood, as stated by the Captain of the guard, that the prisoner in question must be a gentleman, namely, the Honourable Murrough O'Brien, son of Lord Arranmore, and the same who distinguished himself as the leader of the Volunteer corps of

the Irish brigade this day, in the sham fight at the Phoenix park ; and therefore *presentable* in the society of Her Grace the Duchess of Belvoir."

A long list of bets followed, for and against the possible performance of this enterprize ; made according to the confidence of the several betters in the ways and means, headlong temper, and dauntless and romantic spirit of the chief actress in this frolicsome drama.

All eyes were now turned on him, who was recognized as the hero of the day ; and whose captivity had thus so pleasantly been cut short. There he was, and consequently, the conditions being performed, there was no more to be said on the subject. Those who could pay their debts of honour on demand, paid them ; and those who could not, pledged their honour to do so when they could.

"There !" said Lady Knocklofty, sweeping her winnings into her handkerchief, and still laying the agitation of her manner to the ac-

count of her cupidity. "There! I flatter myself this is fairly won, and daringly earned; for what woman dare do, I have done."

"Which is the short way for a woman to be undone," said Lady Knocklofty's dear friend, Lady Honoria, to Lady Knocklofty's grateful *protégée*, the Honourable Catherine Macguire. Between these ladies there existed a confidence, if not a friendship, which had insensibly grown out of similar tastes and humours—a sense of the ridiculous—and that talent for ridicule which is so often found unallied with any other.

To the axiom of her ally, as applied to her protectress, Miss Macguire acceded, with one of those comical grimaces, which constituted a leading trait in her list of amusing abilities; and she added, "You know, of course, how this was done?"

"Not by a *coup de baguette*," replied Lady Honoria. "She has had an audience, I take it; and the Eccellenza has yielded to 'her most petitionary vehemence,' and given her an order

for the prisoner's release. Under the double influence of beauty and of Burgundy, the poor dear Duke would give away the whole kingdom, if there were any one fool enough to accept it."

"Exactly," said Miss Macguire; and pursing up her comical mouth, she hummed in her friend's ear, from the fashionable burletta of the "Golden Pippin,"

"Jovey, my soul!
What does it say?
Fire the north-pole—
Jove's your valet!"

"Exactly," said Lady Honoria, laughing.

"But now," said Miss Macguire, "that she has got that handsome, stupified creature here, what will she do with him?"

"You do not know, then, that he is the *engouement*, the Prince Lee Boo of the moment?"

"*Engouement*! yes, perhaps; but here! and the Lord Lieutenant, the *cavaliere pagante* of the day!"

“ Well ; this handsome, stupified creature will be the *cavaliere pagato, comme de raison*,” replied Lady Honoria ; and both the ladies laughed loudly, but prettily ; as ladies of fashion only know how to laugh, when to laugh is notoriously becoming, and the object some particularly dear friend.

Meantime, the “ handsome, stupified creature,” the Astolfo of the adventure, had passed the short interval in a confusion of all the senses, which extended minutes to months, and gave to something less than half a quarter of an hour the importance of a century. Stunned, dazzled, abashed in the first instance ; indignant, irritated, and perplexed in the next ; gazed at by many, noticed by none, (not even by O’Mealy, whose broad, vulgar face was notable over the shoulders of more elegant, though less lofty spectators,) knowing not how to retreat, nor how to advance without making a scene, or giving *prise* to a ridicule, he still stood where his fair and false guide had left him. He leaned against

the projecting wood-work of a window near the door by which he had entered ; and was half involved in its crimson draperies, with an effect which rendered his person a picture. He still wore his black gown half drawn over his dark uniform ; and his fine head, lighted by a chandelier, came out in strong relief, and harmonized with the rich hues of the well draped back ground.

The audible reading of the betting book had put him in full possession of the nature of the embroglio in which he was involved ; and though there was clearly more of idle frolic than of premeditated insult in the part allotted him, still the conviction neither diminished his awkwardness, nor dissipated his perplexity. The dim, mysterious avenues he had passed ; the soft hand that had guided him—that sudden burst of light and loveliness that had succeeded to darkness and solitude—the brilliancy of the drawing-room, and the persons by whom it was

occupied, and by whom he was surrounded, all alike confounded and bewildered him. That he was then occupying a spot, in what he had deemed the den of political corruption ; that he was surrounded by those who drew their very existence from the misery of his country (that country he would die to serve or save) ; that he stood confounded with those against whose system of aggression he had registered a protest, solemn and sincere as the patriot's last sigh on the scaffold of his martyrdom ; that he was the laugh, perhaps the scorn of those he scorned,—were fancies or convictions, rendered insupportable by the morbid state of his feelings, and the previous depression of his spirits. They left him without the power, almost without the will to act ; and wholly deprived him of that presence of mind, the want or possession of which mars or makes a fortune. What might have been turned to the account of personal advancement by those who knew how to make the most

of it, was, by one "so green and young in this old world," only considered as a personal indignity, or a mark of disrespect.

In spirit and bearing, O'Brien was a "*petit Dunois*." He had hitherto, during his short life, acted as if

"D'Orlando e di Rinaldo era cugino."

With a temperament all Irish, and a character made up of those elements, which in the poetry of life form its sublime, but in its prose tend a little to the ridiculous,—impetuous and spirited, as the genuine Hibernian always is, petulant and fierce as a foreign *militaire* usually affects to be,—his natural and national qualities had been sharpened rather than subdued by a life of early excitement and vicissitude. Too susceptible to impressions, as they flattered or mortified his passions and his pride, he now stood in a position the most painfully opposed to all that was strongest or weakest in his nature. He who had fought his way through half

Europe sword in hand, had not now the courage to pass through a group of frivolous coxcombs of both sexes. He who had desperately led more than one forlorn hope, now in the midst of gaiety and pleasure, looked the picture of a forlorn hope himself. Infinitely more willing to be shot, than to be laughed at, he was devoutly wishing himself up to the neck in the trenches before Belgrade, where he had already distinguished himself, rather than in this enchanted palace of a "*possente Alcina*," when the *possente Alcina* herself came forward,

" Con allegra faccia,
Con modi graziosi e reverenti,"

and changed in a moment the whole character of his sensations and course of his ideas.

The Irish Vice Queen, the beautiful Duchess of Belvoir, had hitherto stood in the centre of a group, the members of which, with the true effrontery of fashion—that affects no feeling, and knows no restraint—as coolly and delibe-

rately were pointing their glasses and their glances at the victim of their supercilious notice, as philosophy directs its microscope at the insect it studies. But now, supported on either side by Lady Knocklofty and the old Earl of Muckcross (the latter, *par parenthèse*, a dried specimen of a genus now almost extinct, the travelled Irish nobleman of the old school), she advanced in the direction where O'Brien stood, who retreated "deeper and deeper still," within the recess of the window. With her beautiful eyes fixed smilingly upon him, she said, in a good-natured and half audible whisper, "Speak to him, Lady Knocklofty ; the frolic, you know, was your own."

" Mine, dearest duchess ? It was every one's frolic. But, come, I have had the glory, and will perform the duties arising from it,—even that of asking Mr. O'Brien's pardon for the liberty I have taken with him."

O'Brien bowed, as men only bow who have learned to bow abroad ; and blushed, as men only

blush to whom the world is still new. His bow and his blush had their due effect; and were received at their full value.

“I am sure,” continued Lady Knocklofty, “he will forgive the means, for the sake of the result, if your Grace will permit me to present him to you.”

“I desire particularly to make the acquaintance of Mr. O’Brien,” said the Duchess, with her bland smile and tone; “and to offer my apology at the same time. For though not a party concerned in the frolic, yet, as consenting thereunto, I believe I should come in for part of the blame.”

Lady Knocklofty then, with the manner of a master of the ceremonies, said, “Duchess, in the absence of Sir Phelim O’Kelly, I will presume to do the honours, and present to your Grace the Honourable Murrough O’Brien.”

O’Brien again bowed, and the old Lord Muckross, with an air between that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Sir Lucius O’Trig-

ger, requested his introduction also of the "*Camerara Mayor*," as he termed Lady Knocklofty, and complimented the victor of the Star Fort on his military skill ; adding, "that he hoped his laurels, won in the morning, would not be tarnished by the adventures of the night ; for that the saviour of Lady Knocklofty could not fail to be an object of interest to all who had the honour of knowing her ladyship."

"It was a gallant rescue," said the Duchess. "I saw it all, and for a moment it struck me that your life was more in danger, than that of the object of your protection. How can you, my dear Lady K., drive such horses? I am not a timid whip ; yet I would not trust myself to your greys, within sound of a cannon shot —no, 'not for a wilderness of monkeys.' "

"Except," interrupted Lady Knocklofty, throwing down her eyes, with a peculiar expression, "you had some *preux chevalier* near, to come to the rescue. *Alors le jeu vaut bien la chandelle.*"

“Aye,” said Lord Muckcross, “there it is. What is death to others, is sport to you tyrants. There is not on earth a more pitiless savage than a beautiful woman ; and whether—

‘ Her hero perish, or her sparrow fall,’

c'est égal, provided she shews her power.”

“*Vous parlez avec connoissance de cause*,” said the Duchess, tapping him with her fan.

“I *have* seen service,” replied his lordship, taking snuff, conceitedly : “they alone jest at scars, who never felt a wound.”

“Mr. O'Brien, you do not seem to have escaped unhurt from the field, to judge by the mark on your brow. I hope it was not in my service?” said Lady Knocklofty, fixing her eyes on the black patch, which rather became than disfigured the wearer.

“I wish it had been, Madam,” replied O'Brien, confusedly. “It is, however, so slight a scratch, that I am quite ignorant how or where I came by it.”

“I hear,” said the Duchess, “that Lord Charles Fitzcharles has got into the same scrape that has brought you, Mr. O’Brien, into the ‘durance vile’ of our strong hold; and to which, by the by, your deliverer, Lady Knocklofty, must soon yield you up. For you must not be found here by the big wigs,” she added, laughingly, “who all dine with the Lord-Lieutenant to-day.”

“Oh, I’ll send him back in due time, under the care of the Captain of the guard,” said Lady Knocklofty; “but, dear Duchess, as one good turn deserves another, pray present *me* to Mr. O’Brien, for he cannot, upon instinct, know who I am.” And she laid an emphasis on the word, that brought a rush of odd recollections to the mind of O’Brien, which tingled in every fibre.

“Oh, my dear,” said Lady Honoria, who, with the rest of the exclusives, had now gathered round the party, “we all take it for granted, that you and Mr. O’Brien made your acquaint

ance in your journey through those long passages, which do not always '*lead to nothing*.'"

"No, upon my honour," said Lady Knocklofty, vehemently, "Mr. O'Brien never discovered the disguise; and took me for an officer on duty, till I threw off O'Mealy's cloak and cap in this very room. I appeal to you, Mr. O'Brien."

"Appeal to him!" abruptly interrupted Lady Honoria, in the same jeering tone. "Why, child, on such an occasion, his testimony would go for as little as O'Mealy's did, in the cause of Miss Juliana O'Gallagher, O'Mealy defendant."

"Pray, let us have that," said Lord Kilcolman. "Now, Lady Honoria, in your best manner. O'Mealy, my boy, come into court—Miss O'Gallagher plaintiff."

O'Mealy came forward, pulling up his stock, and roughing out his whiskers, with a look of affected bashfulness, that only added to the habitual expression of his invincible impudence.

“Give your lordship my honour, I have no notion of what Lady Honoria is going to tell: but I hope she will speer the leedy; that’s all.”

“Now, Lady Honoria,” said Lord Kilcolman, rubbing his hands—for O’Mealy was his butt—“now for it. Silence in Court.”

“Well,” said Lady Honoria, “when Counsellor Cornelius O’Gallagher insisted on knowing the Captain’s intintions, in consequence of a visit to the barracks of the Royal Irish, paid by Miss Juliana, and when he demanded that the Captain should pledge his honour that the lady was still as well qualified to preside as priestess in the Temple of Vesta, as before the aforesaid visit; the Captain then and there replied, ‘Upon my honour, Counsellor Cornelius, your sister is as innocent for me, this day, as the child unborn: and if she were not, Counsellor, I’d swear, upon my honour, to the fact, all the same.’”

“I don’t see the application of the anecdote,

however well told," said Lady Knocklofty, coldly and haughtily.

"Nor I," said the Duchess, endeavouring to look grave; while all the rest of the party laughed loudly, on the pretext of Lady Honoria's admirable imitation of O'Mealy's mincing manner and indomitable brogue. Meantime O'Mealy, encouraged by being noticed at all, even for his absurdities, and now seeing that O'Brien had obtained a "*grand succès*," shook him by the hand, and with the whisper of "I tould you I would do the needful for you," turned to Lady Honoria, exclaiming familiarly, "Upon my honour, your Ladyship is too sevaire upon me entirely. All that story of Juliana O'Gallagher had not a spark of foundation; for at that very time when people were talking of my seducing the young cratur's affections, and carrying her off to the barracks, I was in fact deeply and sariously attached to Miss O'Kelly, or at all events to Miss O'Tool."

This confession, the result of garrulous vanity and inordinate folly, produced a general laugh, louder than the first; and all agreed that the price of O'Mealy was beyond that of rubies.

With all her wit and humour, Lady Honoria was sometimes *un peu trop forte* for the Duchess. Although her Grace had thrown off somewhat of the high manner of English *bonton* since her arrival in Ireland, she had not familiarized herself with that breadth and freedom of speech which distinguished a particular class (and that the highest) in Irish society, among whom wit was seldom impeded by propriety; and who, whether they “sold a bargain,” or told an anecdote, did both, with little reference to that *bien-séance*, which though coming under the head of minor morals, is rarely found separated from the great.

The Duchess did not therefore join in a laugh, so coarsely and indelicately raised at the expence even of a rival; and without appearing to notice the application, she coolly presented

O'Brien to the Countess Knocklofty, as the lady whose life his gallantry had probably saved in the morning. With a graceful gravity that imposed on all, she then took Lady Knocklofty's arm; and seating herself on a sofa, motioned O'Brien to approach, and (by one of those acts of conscious power which dares do all, or of female caprice, which *does* do all,) placed him between Lady Knocklofty and herself.

The effect of this conduct was instantaneous. Laughter was hushed into sneers; and sneers gradually were subdued into approving smiles. Hitherto through all the apparent cordiality of the Duchess's manner to her accidental guest, there was a by play, directed to the initiated, which spoke her subjection to the worthless and the worldly, by whom she was environed. A sly glance at Lady Honoria, or a significant nod to Lord Kilcolman, evinced the necessity of proving to the high tribunal of Irish *ton* that her gracious reception was but a mockery, a civil mystification, played off on one whom "nobody"

knew, and who had been seen “no where.” The few who composed the oligarchy of fashion and of faction in Ireland, were then deemed “everybody;” and the whole of space not occupied by them, was termed “no where.” “*Le même propos par le même jargon,*” has served the purposes of society under all its changes and modifications; and from the swearing, slanging, drinking Duchesses of Whitehall and the Cockpit, to the coarse, petulant Peeresses who presided at Kew, and who hunted down “the pretty fellows” at Ranelagh; and from them to the cold, *brusques*, dull dames who reign amidst the more decent but less amusing coteries of modern fashion, all, in their passing supremacy, have condemned to utter insignificance the nobodies who were out of their clique, and have consigned to obscurity the places which were not consecrated by the exhibition of their follies, or the display of their power.

But the Duchess had now *pris son parti*; and whether her conduct was the result of good

nature, or of female caprice, the object to whom it was devoted profited largely by its direction, and yielded gradually to its seduction. For man, however he may adhere to principles, cannot always command sensations; and if there is an age in which the influence of politics and of pretty women are at odds, O'Brien was yet far from having attained it. He was, indeed, a devoted patriot. His love of country partook of all that passion which leads men to things, deemed great, or desperate, as circumstances direct. Life to him was of no value, when its sacrifice could promote the great cause of its adoption. But if such is the enthusiasm which in all causes makes martyrs, 'tis time only that makes saints; and the honest, but ardent novice, who now sat exposed to such temptations as St. Anthony never dreamed of, sighed to think how much easier it is to suffer with a Mutius, than to resist with a Scipio. Convinced that the "English interest" was, for once, committed to fair hands, he felt, in every fibre,

that it was the female, and not the male oligarchy, which could most effectually “do the king’s business.”

The society of the vice-regal drawing-room was now broken up into groups, and formed into *petit pelotons*. Incipient flirtations were forming in the recesses of every window, and decided affairs were yawning out their *tête-à-têtes* in every corner. Some of the *Coryphæi* of the Curragh were betting upon their Eclipses and their Mrs. Slamakins; and some histrionics of the private theatricals were holding forth on the rival merits of Mrs. O’Neil and Mrs. Gardiner.* The intimates, or particular *cortège* of the vice-queen now drew near, and took their places, as ease and grace directed, round her,

* Two beautiful and accomplished leaders of what was best and most intellectual in the Irish *bon ton* of the day. The poetical productions of Mrs. O’Neil were as admirable as those of her friend Mrs. Greville.

who, though many among the attendant graces were all divine—

“ Yet still the fairest queen,
Like Dian 'midst her circling nymphs, appeared.”

The group was picturesque, and with its accessories of light and shade, of ponderous mirrors, and grotesque girandoles, would have painted well. From the variety of colour, form, and costume, it looked, indeed, like a carnival party designed by a Callot or a Canaletti, or like an antique masque got up by Ben Jonson, or described by Scott. The epoch alluded to was, indeed, a sort of saturnalia of the toilette; it was the only interregnum in the despotism of fashion on record, between the final breaking up of the old German costume, which came in with the English revolution, and the Greek, which came in at the French;—a brief pause, when beauty, for once emancipated from the tyranny

of *ton*, pranked herself as she pleased, and never looked more beautiful.

The dress of the Duchess (her favourite dress), a hat and corsage of black velvet, with diamond loop and cross, and a petticoat of rose-coloured satin, full in folds and hue, recalled the heroine of the “Merry Wives of Windsor;” while Lady Knocklofty (in the same turban and caftan, in which, a night or two before, she had played Roxalana), imaged one of those—

“Forms

Which the bright sun of Persia warms.”

Lady Honoria, always original and always simple, the glass of fashion, but not its reflector, might have passed for a Swiss peasant, the Claudine of Florian, or the *prima Ballerina* of the Italian opera. Miss Macguire, plump and pretty, fat, fair, and twenty-five, wanted but the cornucopia, to exhibit as the goddess of plenty. The Ladies O'Blarney (the Duchess's inseparables) who had obtained the name of the

Graces, whom they resembled in number and nudity, were draped as if escaping from the bath, or ready to plunge into it. Others almost as fair, and quite as fantastic,—in large, full-feathered hats, and loosely flowing tresses,—their zones scarcely bound, and their drapery scarcely fastened (even by the precautionary pin of Sir Peter Lely), formed the outward line of this nucleus of beauties, who all

“ In circles as they stood,
More lovely seemed than wood-nymphs or feign'd
goddesses.”

The presiding deity, the “*pulcherrima illa*” of Irish jobs, and Irish gallantry, beheld the arms and back of her sofa, surrounded by the manly, handsome representatives of the young oligarchy; while Lord Muckross, the last relic of the old, lay at her feet, in the attitude of Hamlet's fantastic gallantry, playing with her fans, as fans were played with when such occu-

pations had their use and influence ;—when a course of flirtation was not a course of science ;—and when love, not lecturing, was the end and object of the social system of the day.

Among the *dévoués* who were crowding round this queen of hearts, were two young looking persons, evidently in the first evening of their noviciate at the Irish court. They were both distinguished by the inalienable inheritance of the Geraldine race, golden hair, full blue eye, and a mild benignity of look and smile. As they now stood, in the prime of youthful beauty, there was a contrast between the elegant but manly softness of their thorough bred air and manner, and the style and bearing of the official hierarchy, the cold *hauteur* of the Proudfort party, or the broad dashing swagger of their political followers, and social disciples, the Kilcolmans, the Kilmallocks, the Kilmainhams, and “ others.”

The elder of these two youths was frequently

addressed by the Duchess, by the title of Lord Walter Fitzwalter; and the latter by that of some inherited knighthood of romantic sound, and historic reminiscence, which bespoke him a descendant of that heroic branch of the Geraldine family, the Desmonds. They had both already taken their stand under the oriflamme of patriotism; the one destined to attest the sincerity of his vocation with his blood, the other by the sacrifice of almost all "*for l'honneur.*" Such were the men whom the Machiavelian policy of the day endeavoured to lure into the snares of power, by baits which rarely fail, but which in the present instance did not succeed; for, if the heart sometimes yielded, the principle stood firm.

O'Brien thus encircled, enthralled in "*dolce prigione,*" was smiled upon by the three graces, interrogated on his adventures of the night by Lady Knocklofty (with that anxious maternity of manner, the more dangerous because the least suspicious), insidiously cross questioned by

Lady Honoria, drawn upon with a flattering familiarity by Miss Macguire, (who had promised Lord Kilcolman to “trot him out”), and plied by the Duchess with those courteous common places, which princes and their representatives so well know how to dispense. He replied to all with an impassioned bashfulness, and with an earnestness and *naïveté*, the natural expression of strong excitement. This was his first introduction to the society of British beauty ; almost the first to the female society of any country. His young life had been divided between the ascetic solitude of the wildest part of Ireland, the monastic cells of a foreign college, and the rude haunts of a foreign camp. With his eyes now turned on the naturally impassioned countenance of Lady Knocklofty, and now fixed on the splendid orbs of the Duchess, who archly enjoyed his confusion,—he answered their multifarious questions “unwillingly, he knew not what.” But what-

ever he did answer, pleased ; and pleased perhaps for that very reason : for women ever prefer the confusion they excite to the wit they inspire.

“ How well he speaks ! ” said Lady Knocklofty to Lady Honoria.

“ So did Balaam’s ass, when the angel addressed him,” said Lady Honoria ; “ and you see the Duchess, the irresistible Duchess, has already inspired *your* Cymon.”

This intimation fell, as it was intended, on the heart of Lady Knocklofty ; who suddenly interrupting one of her Grace’s questions, rose and said : “ Come, Mr. O’Brien, the Duchess must not make you forget that you are a prisoner on parole, that I am responsible for your surety, and that Captain O’Mealy must return to his guard, and will conduct you to your prison-house.”

“ As long,” said the Duchess, laughing, “ as *you* keep guard on Mr. O’Brien, you know, he is safe.”

“ Mr. O'Brien does not, perhaps, feel so,” said Lord Muckcross.

“ When chief meets chief, then comes the tug of war,” whispered Lady Honoria to Miss Macguire, delighted with the struggle for power between the rival beauties.

Lady Knocklofty replied coldly to the Duchess's observation, “ I believe my guard is relieved. But Mr. O'Brien should know that the serjeant waits for him in the yeoman's hall; and he must not be found here, when the Lord Lieutenant comes out of the dining-room.”

“ That wont be ere rise of sun,” sung forth Miss Macguire, a stock witch in Macbeth: “ for I have observed, when once his Grace passes midnight at table, like other spirits, he never retires till cock-crow.”

“ 'Then let us have supper,” said the Duchess; “ and place little Gore, as a vi-dette to warn us of the enemy's approach. When 'tis time to dismiss our Captain, I'll give him his *bouquet d'adieu*.”

“ Give it him now then,” said Lady Knocklofty, whose temper brooked no controul ; “ for I must go ; and I will not stir till Mr. O’Brien is delivered back to the serjeant of the guard.”

“ Well, do give it to him, Duchess, and relieve Lady Knocklofty from her responsibility,” said Lady Honoria significantly, and throwing her eyes, with a look, understood by the Duchess, on that beautiful bust where

“ Nel bel sen le peregrine rose,
Giunte ai nativi gigli.”

The Duchess, with more of playfulness than of discretion, and more occupied with teasing an imperious rival, than in supporting her own dignity, actually drew from the *bouquet* that ornamented her bosom, a rose, and then looked and smiled ; but still she paused ! O’Brien’s eyes followed the movement of her beautiful hand ; and his unpractised gallantry, anticipating her intention, was almost ready to bend

his knee to the ground, to receive the precious flower, half held out to him.

“Fairies use flowers for their charactery. You are a happy man, Mr. O'Brien,” said Lord Muckross; “and he cast a reproving look at the Duchess; who, at once recalled to herself by the remark, let the flower carelessly fall upon the carpet. O'Brien darted forward to seize it, but it was already under the foot of Lady Knocklofty.

“*Tour de comédie des plus plaisans*,” said Lady Honoria, clapping her hands; while the Duchess, piqued, and now “every inch a woman,” and not an inch a queen, said,

“Well, Mr. O'Brien, never mind, you shall have a fresher flower, another day; and it *shall not be a bouquet d'adieu!*”

“Your Grace may console, but cannot compensate,” said the object of this flattering contest, almost inarticulate from emotion. “The flower with which you intended to honour me, was” —“consecrated,” he was about to say; but he

paused. He felt he was saying too much, and saying it awkwardly; and yet he had said nothing, nothing that expressed his feelings.

“’Tis sport to you, but death to him,” whispered Lord Walter in the Duchess’s ear, in strong sympathy, with feelings fresh and ardent as his own.

“Come,” said the Duchess, good humouredly, “sit down, my dear Lady Knocklofty, and grant a few minutes longer furlough to your prisoner: he must take some refreshment before he goes. So, Arthur,” (turning to the youngest aid-de-camp in waiting), “order supper, and gather up those flowers, which Lord Kilcolman has thrown down with his Atlas shoulders.”

Arthur flew to execute his lady’s commands, —to order supper, ere the fulness of time sent him to order armies; and to pick up prostrate flowers, ere his destinies sent him to restore fallen dynasties. The next moment a door was thrown open, *en suite* with that by which the

Countess and her captive had entered, and discovered the little apartment leading to the round room in Birmingham Tower; which looked like "Pomona's bower," ornamented with spring foliage and aromatic shrubs, and filled with tables, which, though not piled with "angel food," groaned under more substantial fare, and were set off with

"fruits of delicious vines
With freshest flowers crowned."

The odour of *rôts* and ragouts, more gracious to the exhausted forces of rompers and rattlers, than that "shed from love's dewy wings," now caused an universal desertion from the drawing-room. A general rush took place; none standing "on the order of their going"—but going "at once," with an indifference to forms and etiquettes enough to make the majestic portrait of the Duchess of Ormond (which hung over the reigning Duchess's head) start from its frame,

and to *faire frémir d'horreur*, the presiding chamberlains of castle ceremonies. A *buffet* was served in the drawing-room, in the centre of the Duchess's select circle, with fairy elegance and magical celerity. Iced Champagne, and an high seasoned *Mayence* were the principal items selected by her Excellency's *maître d'hôtel*; who, besides being lineally descended from that *preux* of the kitchen, Vatel, had served in the *petits appartemens* of Monceaux; where luxury still raised altars, of which Madame de Genlis doubtless never dreamed, amidst the convent cells of Belle Chasse.

At this period, supper was no less the favourite meal of the Irish, than it had been of the Romans and the French. Conviviality was then the predominant quality of their temperament; and the most excitable of all people were most excited by that light but stimulating meal, over which care in any country rarely holds an influence. The guests of her Grace's round table

seemed to quaff wit with their wine ; many a *bon mot* followed many a *bonne bouche* ;

“ Et l'esprit qui vient du corps,
En bien mangeant rémonte ses ressorts.”

'Tokay was recommended, Burgundy was sipped, the Champagne circulated rapidly ; and looks as sparkling, though not as cold, gave it a zest worth all the *boraccio* in the world. The old Irish fashion of kissing the cup, to pass it to the rest, was quoted by the young knight of the Geraldines, and practised by the fair lady he pledged. The old earl repeated his usual *chanson à boire*—

“ Nous n'avons qu'un tems à vivre
Amis, passons le gaiement,”

and there was not a dissenting voice to the doctrine ; while all, in the full enjoyment of the hour, seemed to feel that the present is the mil-

lennium of the wise, “ *et que l’avenir est aux fous.*”

While the grosser senses were thus engaged, that which is most the slave of the imagination was fed with the magic of sweet sounds. A fine German military band played in an adjoining room, those delicious, languid measures, (then a novelty in Ireland,) which have since had such vogue;—an appropriate accompaniment to the smothered “ colloquies divine,” which say so little and mean so much. It was in that tone of voice, so indistinct to all but the ear to which alone it is addressed, that Lady Knocklofty continued to flatter to intoxication the auditor, to whom she addressed herself; who, inspired by the double philtre, poured from flasks and eyes, was yielding up the reserve of pride and the shyness of inexperience, to blandishments, powerful in proportion to their novelty. The canon law against grandmothers is not so absurd as some may imagine; and the

syren of forty has always a chance against the sylph of fifteen, when the object is still of that age, when passion is not nice, and when the smile that solicits is, under all circumstances, worth the frown that repulses.

CHAPTER III.

THE FROLIC CONTINUED.

Puis dit à l'ane ; " Or conte moi ta vie,
Et gardes toi bien d'omettre un seul fait ;
Car si tu faux, je ne te faudrai pas."
L'ane craignant de recevoir puissance
Répond ainsi.

WHILE *chacun avec sa chacune* uttered an infinite deal of nothings that meant every thing, and said every thing that meant nothing, the excitement of the scene passed with all, for the exuberance of sensibility, or the fervour of wit. Every man fancied himself in love, and every woman believed it. All in their turn contributed to the general festivity, and kindled at the reciprocal corruscations of gaiety, emitted from eyes that sparkled, and lips that smiled. Even persons, by their calling and *manière d'être*, the most displaced in such revels, partook of the tone and spirit of the moment, and sanctioned

by their presence the follies which they did not personally promote; while their individual peculiarities and professional exterior of gravity served to promote the fun, which such contrasts ever heightens.

Among the latter class, was the Honourable and Reverend Lady Mary Sullivan, more usually called the "good Lady Mary," sister of Lord Knocklofty, and the wife of the bishop of St. Grellan. *Her* place, as she declared, being assigned by Providence "among publicans and sinners," she yielded with submission to its dispensations; and was as seldom absent from the public entertainments, or private parties of the castle, as her husband, the bishop, was from its levees and audiences. Gifted, however, like the rest of her order, with a restless abounding of sanctity, in season and out of season, her precepts and her preachments yielded ample food for mystification, while they awakened an affected respect for her "goodness:" and when she got credit for her intentions

she did not the less provoke infinite mirth by their displaced fervour and sincerity. She now sat at the Duchess's *petit souper*, eating her ice with an air of sober self-denial, such as that with which Madame de Maintenon fasted on a herring, while all around feasted on flesh at the merry banquets of the *Hôtel Scarron*.

Next to Lady Mary stood the very reverend the Archdeacon of St. Grellan, soaking a Naples biscuit in a glass of Tokay; himself sufficiently soaked to render the advice of that dear friend and patroness nearly unavailable. To her urgent entreaties that he should follow the example of the Bishop, who had retired from the dining-table, without appearing in the Duchess's circle, he opposed the pertinacity of a fuddled man; and he continued to hold his ground, though he could scarcely keep his feet; and to stick to a theme which had enlisted some of the most acrimonious passions of his never very placable temperament in its discussion. This theme was the flushed, fluttered, and highly-excited

youth, who, being placed between those to whom "all bishops, priests, and deacons" then bowed, as "the givers of all good things," had become the accidental object of the Archdeacon's envy, as he habitually was the natural subject of his malice. For the Reverend Joshua Hunks was the son and successor, in the archdeaconry, of the Reverend James Hunks, whose title to the estates of Moycullen had been defeated by O'Brien's father, some three-and-twenty years before, in favour of the Count O'Flaherty.

Hovering near, without being invited to join the gay and fair party of the Duchess's *petit couvert*, he resembled, in his dusky canonicals, a croaking raven among a flock of birds of brilliant song and feather; and he fixed the victim of his meditated attack, (as monkeys and maniacs select the objects of their mischievous antipathies,) with an obstinacy which the prudent councils of the "good Lady Mary," for once, could not disturb. Primed with port and persecution, the flush of excess burning on his cheek, the power

of protestant ascendancy beetling on his brow, the consecrated bacchant was a prophetic image of the more modern members of his caste, who, intolerant at the board as in the pulpit, and intemperate in both, make "sweet religion a living fountain of gall," and render society one protracted feast of the Lapithæ. Full of ire and envy, with every irascible passion mounted by wine, the Archdeacon had, with difficulty, restrained himself from a formal attack on the lion of the night, at the first moment when he had found him engaging the attentions of Lady Knocklofty; and when the Duchess, with the *étourderie* of a great lady, remembering nothing that did not directly concern herself, inquired of Mr. O'Brien, "if he was not of the illustrious house of Inchiquin," the Archdeacon suddenly burst forth, and interrupting the answer of the person addressed, exclaimed—

"Lest the young gentleman should be too modest to answer for himself, Madam, I can answer for him that he is not of the Inchiquin

family. He is, I think, the son of a townsman of mine, one Terence O'Brien, an attorney, who, having first brought himself into note by a litigious victory over my father, the late Arch-deacon of St. Grellan, in favour of a foreign papist, contrived afterwards to ruin himself by the pursuit of a dormant title ; for the recovery of which he was indebted to the impatience of a committee of privilege, to which the king had referred him. Worried out with his pretensions, contained in volumes of fusty parchments, they, some time back, declared him a peer on his petition *in forma pauperis*. Upon which, by way of a grateful return, he must needs become a relapsed papist. I believe the young gentleman is also nephew to the two jacobite old ladies, the Misses Mac Taaf, who so vehemently opposed the Proudforts at the last election, and with a few paltry freeholders nearly turned the scale in favour of young Mr. Daly."

The brutality of this speech, which would not have been made in so gross a form, except under

the influence of inebriety, had its natural effect ; it produced disgust towards the reverend chronicler, in all not prejudiced against O'Brien ; and these were principally the women. By putting Lady Knocklofty in the wrong, it put her in a rage, not the less violent for being necessarily suppressed ; and by clouding the gaiety of the moment, it annoyed the Duchess, and almost tempted her to desire the page in waiting to order the archdeacon's carriage ; since, like all the great, her Grace could suddenly draw up, and dash down obtrusive presumption, with the same hand that had capriciously caressed it into its perilous familiarity. But O'Brien instantly and exclusively fixed her attention on himself, by coolly observing to her inquiries, (while the expression of his countenance spoke the struggle of indignant feeling, and the effort he made upon himself)—

“ I am much flattered by your Grace's inquiries, and as I could ‘ but little grace my tale in speaking of myself,’ as the archdeacon has

observed, I am much obliged by his anticipating the little I could say. I am, indeed, Madam, the son of the poorest peer in the realm, whose misfortunes are involved in those of his country; and who, in early life, persecuted into apostacy by that gentleman's family, has lately redeemed an involuntary error, by abjuring it. Of the anecdote he has related of my two female relations, I was ignorant; but I rejoice to learn that they have had the moral courage to oppose power in its strong hold, to assert the elective franchise, and permit their tenants to vote as conscience dictates. For the rest, Madam, I have no occasion to blush for a family, whose hereditary rank sanctions the condescension which places me in the enviable position I now occupy; and whose poverty is at least a proof of the uncompromising honesty which has accompanied a title that never was bought or sold."

"Bravo! Mr. O'Brien," said the Duchess, who, with every woman in the room, was, for the moment, a partizan of the frank and spirited

speaker—"Bravo ! I will take my iced sherbet to your Champagne. Will you, Lady Knocklofty, like a generous enemy, be *de la partie* ?"

"With all my heart," said Lady Knocklofty, gaily ; and both ladies, laughing and nodding, touched their glasses with that of O'Brien ; while the rest of the fair guests bowed, and sipped, and smiled at one, "who, rich in title, if not in wealth," had been endowed by nature with grace, spirit, eloquence, and beauty,—qualities which never fall unacknowledged upon female apprehensions.

From these, however, were to be excepted the Lady Honoria and Miss Macguire: the latter had views on Lord Kilcolman, which an obvious admiration of the hero of the evening might not promote ; and the former, on the arrangements of the house of Proudfort, which the prepossession of Lady Knocklofty, if carried beyond a mere *gout passager*, would considerably discomfit. Meantime, the dean sat cowering and glouring by the side of Lady Mary's chair, like an ill-

omen'd bird of prey, disappointed in his aim, and waiting for another pounce.

“ I suspect, Mr. O'Brien,” said Lord Muckross, who fancied he saw in the spirited youth “ *un matador de sa jeunesse*,” “ that notwithstanding your very Irish name and birth, your education has been foreign, and——”

“ Oh ! that is obvious from his bow,” interrupted Lady Honoria, in her wonted tone of irony, “ which bow, by the bye, I remarked at the review to-day. You mere Irish may smile as you will, but there *is* an air acquired by foreign education, which not all the dancing masters in Ireland, from dear Fontaine, ‘ *avec ses graces*,’ to Paddy Flanagan, with his ‘ dance up to the griddle, and down to the broom,’ can neither give nor take away. You have lived much in other and better worlds than this, our *ultima Thule*, Mr. O'Brien,” added Lady Honoria, with a significant look at Lord Kilcolman, and a knot of kindred spirits of which he was the centre and the soul.

With the sensitive apprehension of a morbid pride, always on the *qui vive*, because always at odds with fortune, O'Brien had intercepted this look; and now suspecting himself the butt of the foolish and fashionable practice of hoaxing (the quizzing of that day), he took his position of defence, and with lance in guard, was ready to meet the assault with at least as much force, if not with as much coolness as it was made. He replied therefore, drily,

“I have served abroad, Madam.”

“Mass,” whispered Miss Macguire to Lord Kilcolman, who answered in his Munster brogue—

“I'll ingage! I wonder what the devil Lady Knocklofty and the Duchess see in the fellow, to make such a fuss about him?”

“Oh! he is very handsome,” said Miss Macguire. “Lady Knocklofty says he has quite a Roman head.”

“Roman catholic, I suppose she manes,” said Lord Kilcolman, laughing at his own wit,

and unmindful of Miss Macguire's precautionary hint of "Hush, for gracious sake, Lord K.; if you don't take care, we shall all be properly unpopular. You had better go with the stream?"

"If I do I'll be d——d!" said his Lordship. "Upon my honour and soul, I never saw such a coxcomb in my life."

"Do you mean," said Lord Muckcross to O'Brien, "by having served abroad, that you have borne a commission in some foreign army?"

"I mean, my Lord," said O'Brien, now suspicious of every question, and irritated by the look and laugh of Miss Macguire and Lord Kilcolman, "I mean that I have served abroad as other mercenaries have served at home; and have been driven by necessity to turn that into a trade, which ought to be a profession—fighting for any cause, good or bad, that I was hired to defend. I have been for some years in the Austrian army—"

Lord Muckcross drew up, and bridled like one of Richardson's "charmers." There was something revolutionary in this answer, something of the new democratic school, that touched his aristocracy to the quick, and diminished his prepossession in favour of the imprudent speaker.

"Your definition is a singular one, Sir," said an old Colonel of the battle-axe, whose service had been confined to the castle yard; "and allow me to say, as one who has borne His Majesty's commission for thirty years, that if it be a *trade* to serve one's king and country, hired or not, it is a glorious one."

"It has not been my good fortune to be permitted to serve either, Sir," said O'Brien. "In the late war I should have fought against the interest and honour of both; and I rejoice that I was then too young to bear arms in a contest, which lost England the best of her colonies abroad, and exposed the weakness of

the councils which too long had governed her at home."

"*Ouf!*" exclaimed Lady Honoria, "and this within two steps of Birmingham tower!"

Every one looked astonished at the utterance of a speech, to say the least of it, so impudent and misplaced; while the divine chuckled, rubbed his hands, and whispered something in the ear of the good Lady Mary, who in reply added—"Ay, and atheistical too." Even the good humoured Duchess looked displeased; and Lady Knocklofty, rousing a little page, who lay half asleep on a pile of cushions behind her, said,

"Go, my dear, into the supper-room, and tell Captain O'Mealy, that Mr. O'Brien is ready to attend him to the guard-house whenever he pleases."

The sleepy page toddled off, rubbing his eyes, and told O'Mealy that he might return to the guard-room whenever he pleased. Captain O'Mealy, however, did not please to return till

he had finished a tumbler of punch royal, in which he was joined by his friend, Sir Phelim O'Flyn.

“ If you have served in the Emperor of Austria's army,” continued Lord Muckross, “ which, for one so young, is a singular event, and for a student of Trinity College, I believe, an unprecedented circumstance, you probably have seen my old friend the Maréchal Lacy, and can give me some account of him ; and of that Prince of wits and *preux*, the charming Prince de Ligne, the boon companion of some of my gayest days, aye, and nights too.”

“ I carried the colours of the Prince's regiment under the walls of Oczakow,” said O'Brien eagerly, “ and had the honour of serving as his aide-de-camp in the last campaign. To the Maréchal Lacy I have the honour to be related, and the happiness of being obliged. I owed to his protection my rapid rise in a service, where all goes by privilege and influence. They were both well, when I left Germany ; the one ‘ *le Doyen*

des Heros du siècle, the other the model and inspiration of all the young military, for whom he has done so much, both by precept and example."

"I am enchanted to hear it," said the old Earl, warming to the reflection of his early reminiscences: for he had been the Adonis of Maria Theresa's Court; and the imperial prude had even given him the name of *Le bel Irlandois*, with a snuff-box, which he now proudly produced, exhibiting her formal features and powdered *toupée*, ornamented with a sky-blue ribbon, and a rose on her expanded bosom, as full and faded as her cheek. He continued, in a tone of great exhilaration, "*Ah! c'étoient des beaux jours!*"

"What an old twaddle!" said Lady Ellen O'Blarney, passing the box to Miss Macguire.

"Twaddle! She was beautiful!" exclaimed Lord Muckcross. "Beautiful, as she was clever. Your Emperor, Mr. O'Brien, was a great man, but not so great a man as his mother."

A general laugh succeeded this observation. Lord Muckross pleaded his privilege.

“ I should have said, not so great a sovereign as his mother.”

“ There are many in the present day, my lord,” said O'Brien, “ of a different opinion.”

“ Yes, the French democrats,” said his Lordship, with whom O'Brien again lost ground, “ who expect that the emperor will some day lay down his sceptre, like his great ancestor, and joining their convention, exchange his iron crown for a *bonnet rouge*.”

“ The emperor himself, my lord,” said O'Brien, “ has encouraged no such expectations ; for though less foolish than many of his royal contemporaries, he has frankly declared, ‘ *son metier à lui est d'être roi*.’ Opposed, as he is, to the dull race of Hapsburg, laugh as he may at the follies of his aulic council, and disposed as he has been to partial reforms in the barbarous institutions of his Gothic government, he is at best but an happy accident in a bad system,

whose defects he may ameliorate, but will never remove."

"The government of Austria," said Lord Muckcross, "is at least as good, as the wretched people for whom it exists deserve. But, I suspect, Mr. O'Brien, that you have lived more in France than in Germany, from the colour of your opinions; for these are not the doctrines of the *salons* of Vienna."

"I have only visited France, my lord, for a few months in my way home," was the reply; "and only remained there as the guest of a dear old friend and former preceptor, the now celebrated Bishop of —, one of the constitutional clergy of France."

"You must have seen some hot work," said the Earl, "during your service in the Austrian army. Your emperor did not let the swords of his troops rest in their scabbards. He was, however, sometimes more prompt, than prudent. The Turks beat you back *pas à pas*, in spite

of the united arms of Potemkin and Saxe Cobourg, at one time."

"I had not the mortification of witnessing the defeat you allude to—I was then with my regiment at Florence. But it was my good luck, shortly after, to join the grand army, under Marshal Loudhon, at Belgrade, and to see the power of the barbarous masters of the Greeks crumble before a force at least one degree less barbarous than themselves."

"Are you a disciple of the Greek cause?" asked Lord Walter eagerly; who had listened with much attention and interest, to the imprudent but emphatic answers of one, whose ardour he shared, but whose misplaced frankness he regretted.

"I am fanatically so, my Lord," answered O'Brien, smiling.

"I wonder you do not volunteer your service to the Great Catherine," said Lord Muckcross, archly; "you are quite in her line."

“ I have no great confidence in her intentions ;” said O'Brien. “ A Russian autocrat may plan the erection of a throne on the borders of the Euxine ; but the partitioner of Poland, can never advance the cause of freedom and justice, nor the mistress of a nation of slaves, give liberty to other nations.”

“ Liberty and equality for ever !” muttered Lord Kilcolman.

“ French atheism and philosophy,” whispered the Archdeacon to Lady Mary.

“ If you take the Greek cause out of the hands of Russia,” said Lord Walter, “ I fear you leave it hopeless.”

“ I should hope not,” said O'Brien. “ There *is* a nation, which nature points out as the ally of the Greeks, (resembling them in character and intellect),—a nation, which now struggling for its own liberty, may one day assist in giving back to Greece the rights that called into existence her Pericles and her Themistocles, her Solons and Lycurguses,—a nation, which

having already annihilated the exclusive and pernicious privileges of its own worn out institutions, may——”

“ France, of course !” nodded Lord Muckross. O'Brien bowed assent.

“ How eloquent !” whispered Lady Knocklofty to Lady Honoria.

“ And how discreet,” replied her Ladyship. “ How he ‘ consults in all the genius of the place.’ ”

“ One may be goaded to say anything, anywhere,” rejoined Lady Knocklofty ; “ but it is delightful to see any one think so freshly, and speak so frankly, and so unlike every thing and every body else.”

“ I am sorry to perceive, Mr. O'Brien,” said Lord Muckross, “ that like many other young Irishmen of the present times, whose heads are as hot as their hearts, you are infected with doctrines of the new revolutionary school ; and though it always shews blood, when a young steed resents the bit, and kicks at the curb at

first starting, yet it is necessary to take care that such a spirit does not degenerate into vice."

"In this country, my Lord, our spirit has been so thoroughly broken, that it is the spur, and not the curb, that is wanting. Those who have been for centuries under the yoke, and like the racers of the Roman corso, are hemmed in on all sides, may be trusted without bit or rider. It requires but a little hooting and whooping to drive them to the desired goal."

"Nothing can save him, my dear," said Lady Honoria. "*Tête de victime, entendez vous?*"

"I suppose, Sir," said Lord Kilcolman, "you have returned here, for the purpose of offering your services in reviving that deficient spirit,—that spirit which has already produced such admirable effects in France."

"I would do so, Sir, with all my soul," replied O'Brien, with uncontrollable petulance, "if I thought such services as mine could become available."

"Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold!" muttered

Lady Honoria; while Lord Muckcross, feeling for the perilous impetuosity of one so unguarded, whom he himself had drawn out, said, good naturedly,

“Come, Mr. O'Brien, I will not take advantage of a fervour kindled, I suppose, in the Historical Society of the University, where you young orators, I hear, sometimes say very eloquent, but very foolish things. I will venture to assert now, that you are the Demosthenes of that, or of some other debating society, where young people overthrow old empires and imagine new.”

“The ‘Devil’ in Temple Bar, or the ‘Black Boar,’ in the Strand,” said Lord Kilcolman, insolently and laughingly.

“My Lord, I have the honour of being an humble member of the society you mention,” said O'Brien, turning to Lord Muckcross; “a society which, so long as it is permitted to exist, with Locke for its legislator, and Grattan for its model, will, indeed, assist in reviving that

national spirit, and awakening that national eloquence, without which, nations can have no political existence, nor any adequate champions of their rights. I have also recently been present at another assembly, not held at the 'Devils,' or the 'Black Boar,' but in the *Jeu de Paume*, at Versailles, consisting of the representatives of the greatest nation upon earth. I was present when they swore never to separate, till they give a constitution to their country, founded upon the overthrow of those oligarchical privileges in church and state, which had been alike fatal to the independence of the king and to the rights of the people. I was present, also, at the demolition of the Bastile, and I cannot help adding to this confession, the boast of having been one of those young men who gave the first *coup de hachet* to the chains of the portcullis, which led to all that followed."

By the effervescence of his looks and words, O'Brien had now so well "pointed his purpose to his hearers' hearts," that, with a very few ex-

ceptions, all admired the speaker, even though they disapproved the speech. A short silence ensued, which was broken by Lord Kilcolman's observing, in a half whisper to Lady Honoria, "He is come of a good school."

"To try the bird, the spur must touch his blood," said Lord Walter to Lady Knocklofty.

"Yes," said Lady Knocklofty, "and the bird turns out to be a young eagle."

"A young goose!" whispered Lady Honoria; "and a goose more likely to betray than to save the Capitol, I suspect."

"Come," said the Duchess, no longer amused by the conversation, and therefore now fully alive to its impropriety, "no more politics, for patience sake. Miss Macguire, pray sing, 'Arrah! will you marry me;' '*La Marmotte*,' or any thing you please; only sing."

"Dear Duchess, I've no more voice, than a corncrake," said Miss Macguire.

"Nonsense! sing when you are bid, Kitty Macguire," said Lady Knocklofty, authorita-

tively, and rising to break the circle and to draw off others from the quarry which (in the language of hawking) she had ruffed, but not carried.

"I cannot sing without my guitar," said Miss Macguire, to whom such imperious commands were familiar, as they were unresented.

"Do somebody get her a guitar," cried Lady Knocklofty, who, in the conscious power of greatness, expected to find every thing she wanted, every where she wished.

"Do look for a guitar, Freddy Fitzjohn," said the Duchess.

"Where shall I look for it?" drawled out the little secretary, with his mouth full of sugar-plums, as in all the dignity of office, he sat apart from the group.

"Look into the back-gammon box," said Lady Honoria, gravely.

"Will this do," said Lady Mary O'Blarney, drawing her fingers over the chords of a beautiful French harp, which, with its highly orna-

mented *étui*, stood in a remote corner of the room.

Its deep soft tones, even when touched by unskilful hands, brought to the preoccupied mind of O'Brien, a recollection of the air he had heard in the throne room. It also recalled to the Duchess the performer who had so finely played it, unasked and unrewarded.

"By the bye, what has become of the harpist, Sir James?" she inquired, languidly.

"She has just slipped off, I believe," said the chamberlain: "a few minutes back I got her a glass of wine and some macaroons; for she was very weary, and perhaps a little mortified at not being asked to perform again."

"Poor thing! don't fail to send her something in the morning—five, or ten guineas, or whatever you think right. She sung that Italian air prettily, though she had a very husky voice."

"Husky!" said Lord Muckcross, a professed amateur, and president of the Irish Philharmonics.

“The very finest contra-alto! a quality of voice which has become extremely rare, even in Italy. But you all made such a noise, it was quite enough to confound her. Where did you pick her up, Duchess?”

“Don’t remember at all,” said the Duchess; “so many send petitions to exhibit before ‘her Excellency, at the castle,’ that somehow or other I mix them all up together. I thought we were to have had the musical glasses, Sir James, or the harmonica, or something.”

“Mr. Cartwright, Madam, sent an apology to say he was ill; so I accepted this Italian lady’s proposition, whose note I read to your Grace at your toilette, on your return from the review.”

“Oh, yes! I remember—that is, I forget all about it.”

“It was simply to beg your Grace’s patronage, and permission to play at your party this evening; desirous, of course, to be brought forward by your Grace’s notice. It appears

she is but just arrived in Dublin, and means to give concerts.

“Well,” said the Duchess, “we are all down, I suppose, for subscriptions; but send her something all the same.”

“I really, Madam, do not know where to send to her. There is no address to her note, and her messenger waited for his answer.”

“Don’t be alarmed,” said Lady Honoria, “she will not let you forget her. Besides, there is her harp in pledge, which will be redeemed with ten dozen of tickets, and a request for your Grace’s name, patronage, and protection.”

“What an odd looking old trot it is,” said Lady Eleanor O’Blarney, “coming here in a coal-box bonnet, and black mode cloak. These foreigners are always such odd, ugly creatures; don’t you think so, Lord Walter?”

“Not always,” said Lord Walter, laughing. “This person, though disfigured by her dress, and buried under the shadow of her horrible

bonnet and balloon handkerchief, seemed neither old nor ugly. Her eyes, when they glanced through the short, black curtain which shaded them, were most enchantingly fine; but as I could not speak Italian, I could make nothing of her."

At this moment a little page entering the room, cried out in a fluttered voice "the Lord Lieutenant!" while the aid-de-camp on service, throwing open another door, the dinner party (those at least who, at an earlier hour had not left the table, gone home, or *remained* under it) came forth. They entered the drawing-room with a burst of noise and laughter, which called from Lady Honoria the invocation of "Mirth, admit of your crew!" Taking the offered arm of Lord Knocklofty, she led him to a sofa, with a vigilant precaution, of which the president of the privy council seemed to stand in need. The Duke meantime hurried joyously, but not very steadily on, followed by his merry court; his eyes sparkling, his cheek flushed, and his hair disordered; and

beauty and inebriety combining to give to his fine person the air of the youthful Bacchus, chiselled by a Buonaroti, or painted by an Albano. It was in vain that his privy council endeavoured to look as sober as their calling. The keeper of the seals could not keep his legs—the attorney-general was served with a *noli prosequi*—the speaker could not articulate a syllable—and the King's solicitor suffered judgment to go by default; while the chief baron (an old stager), rejected the admonition of his brother, who was also his register, with “be aisy, you *omadaun**,” and spouted out theatrically—

“ We are state drunkards—

Who shows a sober eye's a traitor,

And I arrest him in the name of the Viceroy.”

On the first announce of the Lord Lieutenant, Lady Knocklofty (who, under the pretence of examining the harp, had drawn O'Brien to the corner of the room), feeling the necessity of his instant departure (as his presence would

* An Irish phrase for a foolish fellow.

have been a violation of the articles of her treaty with the Duke, and of all the forms of *bienséance*), gently drew him from the room into St. Patrick's hall. The spacious amplitude was lighted only by a single lamp, placed for the convenience of the servants, and by the silver beams of a bright full moon. Through an open door at the furthest extremity of the apartment, was visible the long, illuminated vista of the corridor, by which they had first entered the apartments, with the armoury intervening.

"There is your route," she said: "I will send O'Mealy to join you, if he be not already gone; but," she added, emphatically, "if he be, I think, Mr. O'Brien, I may with safety trust to your honour."

"In the present instance, Madam," said O'Brien, laughing, "the trust is so trifling, that I think you may. But, in any instance, I hope you will believe, that one whom you have distinguished by your notice, will never prove unworthy of your confidence."

“ Yes,” she said, gaily ; “ but you *very* young men have such odd ideas of honour. Besides, you are so indiscreet — so impetuous. You compromised yourself this evening, in a manner which, had you been my son, I should indeed have gloried in, but not without trembling.”

“ Your son ! Oh, Lady Knocklofty, what an incongruous idea !—But would you have your brother, or your friend, under such circumstances, speak otherwise, than as truth and feeling dictated ; or truckle to the insolence of arrogant rank, and deny the principles by which he is ready to stand or fall ?”

“ All this is very noble and very fine, but very imprudent. I cannot, however, stay to dispute against qualities I admire ; were I to consult my own feelings and sentiments, I should not perhaps have you think or speak otherwise than you did. Strange as it may appear to you, Mr. O'Brien, though obliged by circumstances to live with those, whom I——but

(she added, with a deep sigh, for she had begun to "*enfiler la grande route du sentiment*,")
"I must bid you good night, or good morning. Yet, ere I go, let me gratefully acknowledge a debt, the sum of which is nothing less than life. I am aware it is not to be cancelled ; but this—give me your hand,"—(and she placed a ring on his finger)—"this, when you look on it, may recal one, whose will to serve you, you must never doubt, however feeble her power."

"Good heavens ! Madam, how can you talk thus of a common act of instinctive humanity !" said O'Brien, in confusion, and retaining the hand, while he gently rejected the ring it presented. "I cannot," he added, "indeed, I cannot accept of any thing so valuable, or rather so valueless, when compared with words so precious as have now fallen from lips which——"

"Valueless, indeed," interrupted Lady Knocklofty, scarcely struggling to withdraw her hand. "Valueless, but for the sentiment it expresses ; for, see," and she held it to the lamp ; "it is

but a single Lough Corrib pearl, set in Irish gold. 'Tis the family crest, with the family motto round the circle—' *Qui me cherche, me trouve.*' You cannot refuse so Irish an offering—you cannot forget so *sincere an intimation* ;” and she again passed the ring on a finger of the hand which lay trembling in her own.—“ And now,” she continued, “ never mind O’Mealy, but return to the guard-house, as soon as you see a clearance in the battle-axe hall. Tomorrow must provide for itself! Meanwhile, remember, *qui me cherche, me trouve* ;” and with the smile and air of the Roxalana she personated in dress, she suddenly disappeared, closing the door, with a violence that extinguished the light on the table, and left O’Brien in the vast, cold moonlighted hall.

The freshness of its air was balm, its silence was repose ; after the heated atmosphere, and noisy and imposing circle he had quitted. In the distant vista light and bustle still prevailed. Battle-axes, footmen and pages, the uproar of announced carriages and chairs,—of servants

called for, or lords and ladies "*coming down*," afforded an obstacle to O'Brien's immediate, unobserved departure, of which he gladly availed himself, to remain, for a little while, where he was. In a confusion of ideas, more rapid in their succession, than "the galloping of heaven's wings," he was glad to pause, and to tranquillize, if it were possible, the emotions by which he was agitated. The little wine he had drank (the more exciting to one who had hitherto lived "in the darkness of sobriety")—the eyes he had gazed on,—the ring whose circlet pressed his finger,—the promise that accompanied it, breathing so sweetly on his ear,—the resulting exaltation of spirit and confusion of thought, all rendered the singular solitude in which he was placed, a resource and an enjoyment. Throwing himself, therefore, along one of those red benches,* (to obtain a place upon which, such sacrifices have been made of honour,

* The privileged seats of the peerage, on the birth-night and other court festivities, held in St. Patrick's hall.

principle, and patriotism), he gave free course to that illusory, but delicious, train of reverie, which lends to feeling its highest tone, and to thought its brightest scintillations. As he lay, with his right arm pillowing his head, and his eyes turned upward, he unconsciously fixed them upon the superb and richly painted ceiling; where the sycophancy of the times had depicted the regal state of Henry Fitz-empress, who is represented receiving the homage of the subdued Irish chieftains, as they stood, spiritless and crouching, before the Majesty of English power. The full and cloudless moon poured through the lofty windows the full tide of its beams; and the accidents of reflection gave a transient distinctness to the picture, that was strengthened by the deep shadows of the unilluminated portions of the apartment.

For some moments O'Brien, pre-occupied by the world within, almost "above the sense of sense," saw nothing, heard nothing, and felt all

that men feel under the double inebriety of the senses and the imagination. By degrees, as the moon shone more brightly on the frescoed story of Ireland's shame, he was struck by the subject, although but indistinctly seen. He sighed as he gazed. The image was opposed to his present condition, with a mortifying contrast, which awakened the compunctious visitings of conscience; so goading to those in whom principle and passion are at variance. His feelings, his views, with respect to Lady Knocklofty, were so vague, such mere phantoms of fancy and of vanity, of gratitude and admiration, that they had neither character nor consistency. But the wife of the leader of the Irish oligarchy, had she not hinted that she did not participate —. In recalling her words, his memory failed him; the exhaustion of his spirits, the distant hum, the immediate silence, contributed to his abstraction, and thoughts became dreams. His eyes still fixed on the picture of Henry the Second, his imagination still dwelling on his

beautiful protectress,—his ideas by degrees faded, and he slept: if that could be called sleep, which, while it absorbed the corporeal faculties, and suspended the will, left the fancy wild and energetic beyond its waking powers; and bodied forth visions of such palpable form and plausible combination, that mid-day consciousness could scarcely have given perceptions more acute.

From the chaos of incoherent images that attends the first slumbers of weariness, gradually arose a fairy fabrick, the Pomona bower, of which he had caught a view through the open door of the room in which he supped. It seemed all light and verdure; and canopied the fair, majestic, and voluptuous form of Lady Knocklofty, at whose feet, he thought he lay, again receiving the pearl of Lough Corrib, and with it

“ Such honied words and smiles
As made the gift seem dearer.”

Suddenly the flowers faded, the garlands fell,

the lights grew dim, and the rude, dark walls of Birmingham tower, appeared in all their original strength and dreariness. The bower of love assumed its ancient aspect of a state prison. No longer at the feet of the lady of his vision, he believed himself chained down to a stone bench, above which appeared, in dark and smoky letters, the names of "O'Donnel," "O'Neil," "Delvin," "Lord Thomas Fitzgerald," "Lord Desmond," and other illustrious patriots, both of the Irish and English stock, who, by resisting power, had been incarcerated in despotism's strongest hold. Preserving in idea the same uneasy attitude, in which he actually lay, his eyes were involuntarily fixed upon the same grim figure, as in the pictured roof represented Henry the Second. Gradually, however, that stern countenance resolved itself into the cold, phlegmatic features of Lord Knocklofty. His ancient armour was covered with the sash of St. Patrick. One extended hand was armed with a dagger, which

was gradually and slowly directed to O'Brien's thick-beating heart ; while with the other he drew from the finger of his spell-bound victim's hand, his wife's most prized and treasured ring. O'Brien heaved and panted to resist or evade the murderous intent ; and still half in dream and half awakened by his suffering, he caught the uplifted hand and griped it firm and fast. Its death-like coldness chilled him to the heart. The prickling of a thousand arrows tingled through his frame ; yet still he continued to grasp the unearthly hand, no longer in a dream, but awake and conscious, though still motionless. He looked around him, and recognized every object. The light of the retiring moon faintly sketched the shadows of St. Patrick's banners on the floor. The glittering throne was still visible ; the hum in the battle-axe hall was heard ; still, in spite of these tokens of returning sensation, he held the hand. Making an effort to move, the motion, slight as it was, restored the blood to its circulation ; and he

perceived that the cold hand he clasped was—his own;—the hand of that arm on which his head had pressed. The clock at that moment struck three: the whole baseless fabric of his vision had vanished, still however leaving a wreck behind, in his excited imagination. He started on his feet, rubbed his hands, and walked about the obscure and spacious hall, under the disagreeable influence, which a terrible nightmare always leaves behind it. Then resolving to proceed without further delay to the guard-house, he passed the battle-axe hall unremarked, though not unseen; and was proceeding to the lower castle-yard, by the state porter's lodge (instead of the passage by which he had entered), when a chair passed him, preceded by a tall, gaunt figure, wrapped in a long, dark cloak.

The extraordinary height of this gigantic person, just sufficiently awakened O'Brien's curiosity to induce him to glance his eye under the stranger's broad flapped hat; when to his amazement and

horror, he again saw or fancied he saw, that wild and weird countenance which had so often, in the course of the day, congealed him by its apparition. The figure strided rapidly on, and O'Brien unable to resist the impulse, was about to follow, when he was suddenly seized by the shoulder, with an exclamation of "I arrest you in the King's name." He turned and encountered Captain O'Mealy, who, though not tipsy, was just sufficiently elevated by his punch royal, to throw his natural humour and vulgarity off their guard.

"What a pretty fellow you are," he continued, in an unminced brogue, passing his arm through O'Brien's, "to lade me such a dance. Sure, I've had the devil's own search after you, Lady K. desiring me to take care of you; but sorrow ghost of you was to be seen nor heard either. So I thought you were carried off by the fairies. For, touch my honour, touch my life. I knew you were not the man to give leg bail for your surety. Well, you had the

devil's own luck, Sir; and owes it every taste to myself. I gave them th' whole history of you; and first I butthered them up about you, and then I slither'd them down, Sir; so that nothing would do, but you must be served up: so you see——”

“Have you any idea who was in that chair, that passed before us, just as you came up?” interrupted O'Brien, much preoccupied, and attending but slightly to O'Mealy's vulgar egotism.

“Is it any idea I have? Ay, have I, every idea in life. It was that poor cratur of a foreigner, that played so iligantly upon the harp; though nobody listened to her, only myself and a few conishures. When I came down, a little taste ago, there she was standing in a corner, behind the futmen and the flambeaux, waiting for her sedan. So I did the genteel thing by her, as if she was a lady of quality; and packed up her and her little instrument, myself, into the sedan.”

“Had she no servant with her?” asked O'Brien, with an affected carelessness, and fearful of drawing the attention of the captain of the guard to the mysterious person who appeared to have officiated in that capacity, when the chair passed.

“Sorrow, soul, or servant, or christian cratur.”

“And where was the chair ordered?” asked O'Brien.

“Why, have you a mind to be better acquainted with her too? You are a pretty lad—at all in the ring. Why then, I think you have enough to do; and if you mind your hits and take the ball at the hop, and keep the game in your own hands, devil a fear of you, but you'll prosper. Why, Sir, that handsome physognomy, and pale, penetrating eyebrows of yours, is as good as board wages. The little furreigner is a swarthy, poor cratur, and not worth picking out of the gutther, in comparison with them that Well, nabocliah, ‘mum,’ says I, ‘budget,’ says you, that's the talk, as the great Shakspeare says.”

They were now at the guard-room door; and as soon as O'Brien had shaken off the obtrusive O'Mealy, who mounted his horse to visit the guard and go the rounds, he drew near the light which flickered in its socket on the guard-room table; and throwing round a vigilant glance, with the feeling of a miser visiting his hidden hoards, he raised the ring, the precious ring, to his eyes. At that moment the expiring lamp gave one bright flash, and discovered—not the pearl of Lough Corrib, with its pretty device—but a death's head on a dark onyx, with the well known device of the jesuits engraven in black characters on its circlet—

“Sub cruce latet.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLIGARCHS.

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.

SHAKESPEARE.

PROUDFORT HOUSE was one of those magnificent mansions which, before the Union, were the town residences of the Irish aristocracy; and which, since that fatal period, have been converted into public offices. For such have been the anomalies of that country, "where (Swift says) an honest man ought to be ashamed to live," that its official splendour has increased, in proportion as its resources have dwindled, and its business diminished.

Proudfort House, at all times of the year, the shrine of place-hunters and pension-mongers,—of

the needy and of the corrupt, was,—at that particular season, which is the carnival of life, as of society, the *rendezvous* of all the rank and fashion of the country. Ireland, during the last quarter of a century has fallen far behind the rest of Europe; but it was at this period of its active demoralization, more liberal, than it now is in its stultified degradation. Society, though corrupt, was joyous. Party threw no cloud over pleasure. Fashion took no note of faction; and if many of the hereditary guardians of the country and counsellors of the crown—the first in rank as in talents—stood dignified and aloof from the Proudfort cabal and its chiefs; if they boldly entered their protest in the senate* against the scandalous measures originated by these political vampires, they did not suffer their patriotic feelings to interfere with social festivity; nor, in that narrow and illiberal jealousy, which has since broken up society into

* See the protest in the House of Peers, in 1790, signed by such names as Leinster, Charlemont, Moira, Portarlington, &c. &c.

cliques and coteries, refuse to mingle on public nights in the balls, masquerades, theatricals, and ridottoes of their political opponents. The members of all parties then filled up the ranks of amusement ; and by encouraging trade, energizing industry, and stimulating the arts, they enabled the country to make a better stand against its oppressors ; and, for a while, to uphold its struggling, but decaying manufactures.*

But if wit and beauty discountenanced the domestic display of party violence, they had not to encounter the resistance of that dark bigotry, which now lies like an incubus on the public pleasures. A feeble race of imbecile fanatics had not yet succeeded to a generation, whose vices, bold as their manners, did not permit them to

* These remarks apply only to the political and social intercourse between protestant and protestant. At all times catholics rarely and difficultly obtained admission into what is called *bon ton* society. Party feelings were perhaps too rancorous at first to render much intimacy desirable on either side ; and eventually, those who were not seen in a particular circle, were deemed unfit for it.

veil their patricidal enormities under the sanctimonious garb of religious hypocrisy. Even the harpies who devoured the vitals of the land, shewed more sense and more feeling for the people, than their heartless, brainless successors; and if they helped themselves largely and impudently from the public purse, they had not yet exhibited the scandal of purchasing heaven at the expence of their impoverished country,—of congregating to suffocation round the itinerant declaimer, to squander their superfluities upon foreign missions,—nor of overlooking the thousands perishing in their streets and their highways, to administer with profusion to the fanciful wants of proselytes at the furthest extremities of the globe. As yet, the gayest capital of Europe was unclouded by the gloom of controversial theology; and the charities and the graces of life still lingering, where the sterner virtues had disappeared, were neither chilled by ignorant fanaticism, nor reproved by vulgar zeal.

The intimates, the *habitués* of Proudfort

House, the daily guests of its lord, were however, exclusively selected from the oligarchy, of which he was the leader. Strenuously occupied in the barter of power and principles, they exercised an unrestrained rule over the less privileged classes, engrossing all the offices of state, owning most of the property in the soil, and supplying from amongst their own cadets, the "nursing fathers of the church," (to use a phrase of archbishop King's) whose fosterage was more fatal to the interests and tranquillity of Ireland, than that of the olden times, against which so many acts were fulminated by early parliaments.

At the head of this caste, in power and in influence, stood the family of the Proudforts; whose numbers, like the "*race d'Agamemnon qui ne finit jamais*," seemed to increase and multiply, with the resources they extorted from the revenues of the country. Arrogating to themselves an exclusive loyalty, as "King's men," they mistook the subjection of the crown to their will, for *their* devotion to its possessor: and if a minister, offended by their pride, or

scandalized at their greediness, hesitated to uphold their political juggling, or questioned their right to a monopoly of place, they were as ready to turn against the sovereign, as against the people. More than once, a concerted *soulèvement* of the whole privy council, a *levée en masse*, against the viceroy, marked their determination to suffer no minister in Ireland, who was not of their own selection: and on one occasion "seven of the eleven" constituting the Irish ministry, put the King into Coventry, and themselves *hors du combat*. Kings, however, like wits, have sometimes short memories; and his majesty forgetting to call in those who had so foolishly gone out, resigned them to the original obscurity for which nature had intended them.

The foundation of the Proudfort power was the Proudfort property: and this property was based on the church. The founder of the family had been the chaplain of King William's regiment; and a succession of prelates, *de père*

en fils, had added to a small original grant of land (made by the military head of the church, to the chaplain of the church militant), a succession of estates, each purchased from the ample dower of the establishment. This vast landed property, spotted as it was with boroughs, (close and rotten,) was the *materiel* of family influence; and amply fulfilled the prophecy, "that to him who has much, more shall be given." For the rest, the Proudforts, without one quality which naturally places men above their fellows, were destitute of every means for attaining to eminence, save the pertinacity which usually accompanies the passion for family aggrandizement. They were indeed the happiest illustrations of what dogged dulness may effect, when unencumbered by genius to withdraw it from the beaten track of self-interest, or by sympathy with human suffering to distract it from the steady pursuit of personal ambition. Dull as the Dutchman from whom they were descended, tasteless, as they were talentless, they had yet given princes to the church, and commanders

to the army ; and stopping short only where distinction was to be exclusively acquired by merit, they had engrossed all places and all patronage, without giving to the Irish senate one orator, or to the Irish bar one advocate of eminence.

The Earl of Knocklofty, the head and representative of this prosperous dynasty, was more distinguished by the family organ of self-appropriation, than by any trait of individual idiosyncrasy. Plodding, without an head for business ; sensual, without a taste for pleasure ; the gravity of his manner passed for wisdom, and the solemnity of his carriage for dignity. Always ready to scoff at public virtue as a phantom, he affected great respect for all the external forms of society ; and he talked with plausibility of “ the great bonds which keep men together.” Regular in his attendance at church on Sundays, and at Daly’s Club-house, on every other day of the week, he prayed and played with equal devotion. But though religious and loyal in the extreme, a pillar of the state and a

corner stone of the church, he was, on certain points and morals, with which going to church has little to do, as relaxed, as the members of his caste then usually were in Ireland. He had long survived the passion, which had led him into a second marriage with Lady Albina O'Blarney, whose portionless rank, and powerful beauty, had suited his ambition, and gratified his vanity. But his liberality of the wealth which she knew so well how to distribute, and which gratified his ostentatious habits, and the pride he took in his handsome children, obtained for him the reputation of an excellent private character; as if the selfishness which leads to public corruption, could be made compatible with private worth. Living with magnificence, his table exhibited all that luxury had then invented, in a department which has since become one of the fine arts; and his wines and his influence brought him a multitude of guests, who learned from his example, to enjoy, without remorse, those public emoluments which were

purchased without restraint—by the ruin of the country. He had recently been elevated to the Earldom of Knocklofty ; and the higher dignity of a Marquisate was said to be reserved for those future services, which the proprietor of many boroughs can always render to the party of his adoption.

The Countess Knocklofty was, by her social position, the great autocrat of Irish fashion ; and she presided over the *bel air* of the Irish capital, as her husband ruled its political junta. Preserving all the beauty which does not exclusively depend on youth, (a passionate expression, a graceful *tournure*), brilliant, though no longer blooming ; her rank and influence gave her all the charms she had lost, and heightened all she had retained : for even beauty, in that little world called “ the great,” has no intrinsic value. It is the stamp of fashion that gives it currency ; and with that stamp the basest metal is received without examination, while the sterling ore of loveliness, that bears not the mark of the mint,

is rejected with disdain. Educated by a feeble and bigotted grandmother, with prejudices which passed for principles, and phrases which passed for ideas; and brought up in respect for forms, and in ignorance of realities, she threw off ties, on coming into the world, which, being founded not in influence but in authority, had no hold either on her judgment or her heart. Launched from the romantic solitudes of her father's castle in Connaught, upon the bustle and temptation of the world, she brought into society the unregulated romance of a retired education; with all the headlong propensities to pleasure of a wilful temperament. Vain, credulous, and impetuous, her vivacity was mistaken for passion, and her fancies for feelings. The reigning manners of the day, and the influence of her position, conspired to sanction the boundless indulgence of a disposition, as unregulated as her mind; and even the selfish pursuit of her own gratification passed for devotion to those, who were flattered by being distinguished as its

objects. With men of the world, there is a shorter road to the heart than even through their passions—their vanity; and none ever took it with more success than Lady Knocklofty.

It is a maxim of French gallantry (and axioms in love, like dogmas in faith, are always numerous in proportion as the religion is doubtful,) that, “*la femme, quand l’amour est passion, est constante; quand l’amour n’est que goût, elle est légère.*” According to this canon, Lady Knocklofty was the most passionless, as she was the most *engouée* of women. Yet her predilections and her preferences, such as they were, were not the episodes, but the history of her life. Platonic or passionate, the fancy of a day, or the sentiment of a year, her flirtations or attachments were the business of her existence. “*Vertueuse, elle jouit de ses refus; foible, elle jouit de ses remords.*” Hitherto, borne out by that demoralization in the higher circles, which ever goes with despotic governments, and living on those terms of decency with her lord, which the

world only requires (for nothing can save an imprudent wife, but the dupery of her husband, —or his depravity), Lady Knocklofty, though blamed by some, suspected by many, and talked of by all, still retained the reins of society in her own possession ; and kept opinion in check, by having the whip hand, in the great career of rank, influence, and fortune.

To preserve her Ladyship in this enviable, but critical position, which enabled her to preside over the largest house, and command the highest circles in the Irish capital, was the vigilant, assiduous, and not very disinterested object of her friend, monitor, and constant companion, Lady Honoria Stratton. More gifted, more accomplished, more corrupt, and more experienced, than her noble *protégée*, Lady Honoria, was one of the many illustrations of that golden maxim, “ that gallantry is the least fault of a woman of gallantry.” The “ *vertu de moins*” of Lady Honoria was indeed the only point in her character that had the semblance of ami-

ability. But the frailty which, in some, indicates a susceptibility to "loving too well," was in her the result of a necessitous poverty, which obliged her to love "too wisely." In risking her character, she calculated only on the profit and loss of a tender attachment; and with Werter in one hand, and Cocker in the other, she formed her estimates as much by the arithmetical conclusions of the one, as by the high-flown sentimentalities of the other. The world, however, always more apt to pardon the folly of vice, than its wisdom, had nearly thrown her beyond its pale, for the ruin she had brought on a young and popular Irishman of moderate fortune; when, luckily, her well directed coquetry at the cold phlegmatic vanity of Lord Knocklofty, and her knowledge of the world, as cleverly directed at the assumption of his wife, gave her an influence at Proudfort House; which opened the door of every other house in Dublin to her reception, and restored her to the caste which she had nearly lost by that which should have

been deemed an additional cause for banishing her for ever from its ranks. Beautiful and witty, bold and adroit, the naturally fine dispositions and brilliant qualities of Lady Honoria had been perverted in her earliest youth by a neglected education at home, and a depraved one abroad. Living on the continent from her fifteenth year to her five-and-twentieth with a libertine father (a poor Irish peer), in the refined but profligate circles of the French court, she married at that epoch (in the expectation of a reversionary title and large fortune,) the drivelling brother of an Irish nobleman, whose celibacy was deemed certain, till he wedded his cook ; when the birth of an heir blasted the hope for which Lady Honoria had made such sacrifices.

Obliged by circumstances to live in Ireland —niced in a large empty house, in Stephen's Green, belonging to her brother-in-law, who resided habitually on his estate in Munster,—and conscious of her own superiority to those to whom her necessities obliged her to bend, she

paid back the obligations her ruined fortunes compelled her to accept, by secret contempt, or by open sallies of wit and bitterness, which frequently purchased civilities that gratitude and complaisance might not have extorted. Admired by the men, and feared by the women, she used both as she wanted them; and called upon to “*désennuyer la sottise*,” she repaid the dinners she could not return, and the entertainments she could not rival, by a wit which was always amusing, though not always refined; and a humour which was reckoned somewhat too broad even for the Irish court.

A constant and welcome guest at Proudfort House, she gave a life to its festivities, and a style to its entertainments, which the taste and refinement of its owners were insufficient to confer. Flattering the dull vanity of the husband, and engrossing the confidence of the wife, she soon became a necessity to both; and was frequently a mediatrix in disputes, which her cleverness and subtilty prevented from ex-

ploding, to the total rupture of the matrimonial tie, that would have involved the overthrow of her own interests.

While Lady Honoria thus acted as *premier* in the diplomacy of the Knocklofty *ménage*, the Honourable Catherine Macguire was not without her utility in the domestic system of those, who by the very fortune which raises them, are disposed to depend so much more upon the resources of others, than on their own. The daughter of an aunt of Lord Knocklofty, who had run away with a landless papist lord, and had been ever afterwards thrown off by the family, the Honourable Catherine was received by her noble kinsman, as poor Irish cousins usually are—partly from pity, and partly from pride: and being destitute of that fine tone of feeling, which makes dependence misery,—and as highly endowed with that stout huckaback fibre, which stands the wear and tear of capricious favour and insolent pretension, she steadily kept the “even tenor of her way.” False without

feigning, insincere without hypocrisy, she frankly shewed up to the world's laughter her present friends and her former creed ; and quizzed the Proudforts, and ridiculed the papists, with equally unsparing candour. To the proselyting humour of " the good Lady Mary " she was indebted for the new creed, which had been the passport to her cousin's protection ; and she abandoned the faith of her fathers, with a conviction quite as clear as that with which she had originally received it. Pleasant as she was heartless, she had already passed through the world's hands ; and had contracted from its contact, that simple hardihood of manner, which often gives to the hacknied the *naïveté*, that is the charm of the recluse. Sure to please, as long as she amused the solemn mediocrity of her kinsman and host, she was well aware of her tenure at Proudfort House ; and, resolved that it should be a lease renewable for ever, she silently inserted a clause of surrender, in case she should attain to

the fee-simple of any other more advantageous possession.

“The good Lady Mary,” by whose agency Miss Macguire had been induced to accept the thirty-nine articles, and a seat at Lord Knocklofty’s luxurious table,—to swallow the precepts of the sister, with the *pâtés* of the brother,—was a happy precursor of all the *good* ladies of the present day, who have come forward in such numbers “to justify the ways of God to man,” to complete what the Redeemer had left undone, and, in the fulness of time, accomplish and expound that revelation, which ordinary Christians imagine to have been perfected some eighteen hundred years ago. She was the first to bring into notice an inspired work, generally thought to have been long well known: and she was the original inventor of the protestant dray for carrying converted papists on their road to salvation. She was likewise the first among the great to send out invitations to tea and tracts;

and to open religious shops for go-carts mounted upon protestant principles, toys against tolerance, and bible-only babies. It was in Lady Mary's cheap repository, that employment was given to idle ladies of 'fashion,* at the slight expence of those humble dependents on their own industry for their daily bread, who are persons of no fashion; and it was in her schools that education was first made subservient to the purposes of an insidious proselytism. Dull and mischievous, arrogant and interfering, she was among the first to contribute and collect for the conversion of Asiatic Jews; while the poor Irish peasant perished at the gates of the Episcopal Palace, unheeded, and the needy artizan fainted

- * "She works religious petticoats: for flowers
She'll make church histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets.—Besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroidery,
And are so learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor."

Old Play.

✓
under the windows of the metropolitan mansion, unrelieved. In her domestic capacity, too deeply occupied in saving the souls of her neighbour's children, she had no time to attend to the comforts of her own ; and, while driving about from school to school, to teach tenets with tent-stitch, and encourage the growth of piety and plain work, she gradually saw the objects of her natural affections disappear beneath her unobserving neglect. One of her children had fallen into a pond, another had fallen out of a window. The eldest, Miss Sullivan, who was thrown from unwholesome confinement into a galloping consumption, *galloped off* with the apothecary ; and the youngest, suffered to run wild from apprehension of her sister's fate, had been so much in the habit of trotting behind the coachman, that she trotted away with him one day to Gretna Green. Her three surviving sons, however, following in the Bishop's track, (the "milky way" of church promotion,) bid fair for the Bishop's fortune. They already en-

grossed the three best livings in the Bishop's gift.

The bishop himself, who, as tutor to Lord Knocklofty, had won Lady Mary's heart, and as dean of St. Grellan had obtained her hand, was one of those "*personnages de position, qui viennent toujours au secours du vainqueur.*" He had wriggled himself into his proud eminence by siding successively with every party that prospered, and dedicating his various polemical volumes alternately to whig and tory. A Foxite to-day, a Pittite to-morrow—now a catholic advocate, and now the apostle of catholic extermination—his true religion was a mitre, his political principle a peerage; and knowing that the world, like the Baron in *La fausse Agnès*, "*est toujours dans l'admiration de ce qu'il n'entend pas,*" he took for the subject of a work, which was designed as the key-stone of his fortune, a theme, which being beyond human comprehension, left no just measure of the intellect which he brought to bear upon its mystery.

Having arrived at the object of his ambition, the pliant candidate for church promotion stood erect upon the pediment of church supremacy, with a look that might be translated, "*Sono Papa.*" A little Sixtus Quintus in his way, his air became as papistical, as his infallible pretensions: and whoever saw him mounted upon his ecclesiastical *haquenée*, ambling through the streets of St. Grellan, saw the most faithful copy of an Italian Monsignore ever exhibited beyond the Roman corso:—all purple and pertness, pious priggery and foppish formality, with a beetling brow, and the best flapped hat that ever was perched upon three hairs of the erect head of a high, haughty, and overbearing churchman,—the genius of caricature could have added nothing to the picture.

Lord Chesterfield has said, that "of all men who can read and write, a parson is, perhaps, the most ignorant." This apothegm described the Archdeacon of St. Grellan to a tittle. Ignorant of all but his own interests, his want

of *savoir* was well supplied by his *savoir faire*; and the success of his well directed subserviency to the bishop, to Lady Mary, and to the whole Proudfort dynasty, proved that he had neither mistaken his means nor misunderstood his persons. The nephew of their law agent, Solicitor Hunks,—the son of their chaplain and *protégé*, the late Archdeacon,—he had in his favour the habit of the Proudforts to provide for his family; and he did not suffer that habit to wear out for want of frequent solicitation.

Pertinacious, as men of limited intellects usually are, irascible, as churchmen are accused of being, and envious, as mediocrity ever is, he had viewed the young and hardy “engrosser of fame” and favour, the hero of the castle frolic, with a deeply founded aversion, sharpened by the sense of hereditary wrongs. O'Brien, as the son of him, who had contrived to embezzle a part of the archdeacon's family property, by embezzling the daughter of its richest member—of him whose legal knowledge had reduced the Archdeacon's

inheritance almost to his hopes in the Proudfort interest,—had claims on his hatred, which he was determined should not lie idle ; even at the risk of opposing the impetuous predilections of Lady Knocklofty.

Such was the party, which, with the addition of Lord Kilcolman and Captain O'Mealy, assembled for dinner in the great saloon of Proudfort-house, at the then late hour of six o'clock—a quarter of an hour before the lady of the mansion made her appearance. Miss Macguire, however, received, amused, and talked with the guests ; while Lord Knocklofty, always silent and abstracted before dinner, walked up and down, occasionally assenting, by a nod, to the bishop's emphatic philippics against the bad spirit of the times, as illustrated by the volunteer review of the preceding day, the tumult at the Strugglers, and other signs equally portentous of a state of things, which called on every loyal and religious man to put it down. To this all agreed in their different ways ; from Captain O'Mealy's " 'tis

true for you, my lord, for as the immortal Shakspeare says, 'the times themselves are out of sayson,' " to the pious ejaculations of Lady Mary, and the never-failing concordance of the Archdeacon with the sentiments of his superior.

"By the by, Albina," said Lord Knocklofty, turning short upon his wife, as she entered and flung herself in an arm-chair, with a very slight inclination of the head to her guests—"By the by, how have you disposed of your hero?"

"Disposed of *my* hero?" re-echoed Lady Knocklofty, evasively, and looking for resource to her friend, Lady Honoria.

"What! has she got a hero *de poche*?" asked Lady Honoria, laughing. "Oh! I suppose you mean the volunteer, who, under heaven, saved our lives yesterday. I hope, Lady Knocklofty, you will assist me in paying the debt, by saying a word in his favour to the Provost; for, of course, he will be brought before the board, with the rest of the college boys concerned in the row last night."

“ I believe,” said the Archdeacon, “ that is past praying for. The Provost can do nothing ; the whole affair being referred to the visitors. The Chancellor, as Vice-chancellor of the University, has been long waiting to make an example of some of those young incendiaries, who are known agents of the jacobinical societies, now so numerous.”

“ And this very O'Brien,” observed the Bishop, “ the leader in the riot, to whom your ladyship imagines yourself so much indebted, will, most probably, be rusticated, if not expelled : but as long as the historical society is permitted to exist in the College, and Locke on Government to form part of the College course, you will have a hot-bed of sedition and a code of republicanism, whose influence is obvious.”

“ Ay, and of atheism too, as the Archdeacon says,” observed Lady Mary.

“ I think,” said the Archdeacon, “ that the denial of innate ideas leads irresistibly to such a conclusion.”

"I am quite of the Archdacon's opinion," said O'Mealy, pulling up his stock; "I am, upon my honour; and so I believe is every loyal man in Dublin, in or out of College. For there is all the difference upon earth between a *nate* idaya, and an *innate* idaya."

A general titter followed the assertion, and Lady Honoria demanded—"Now, honour bright, O'Mealy, what is the precise difference between a *nate* and an *innate* idea?"

"Why, Lady Honoria?" said O'Mealy, calling fearlessly on a stock of impudence which he knew to be exhaustless, "an *innate* idaya may be any man's idaya; but your ladyship's must always be a *nate* one, intirely, upon my honour."

"*Pas mal*," said Lady Honoria, nodding her head approvingly; while Lord Kilcolman cried out, "Hear him, hear him!"

"You are aware, my Lord," continued the Archdeacon, returning to the charge, "that this Mr. O'Brien, who affected to stop Lady

Knocklofty's horses, when they had stopped of themselves, is—"

"That is not true," interrupted Lady Knocklofty, vehemently and haughtily; "it is utterly false: the horses were quite unmanageable, and both Lady Honoria and myself would have been dashed to pieces, but for the interference of *this* Mister O'Brien, who had the humanity to risk his life, and save ours. Is it not true, Lady Honoria?"

"I'll schwear to that," said Lady Honoria, in the tone and accent of the Jew, in the School for Scandal.

"Well, then," continued the pertinacious Archdeacon, "this saviour of her ladyship's life is the youth, my lord, who, in the historical society, made a sort of killing-no-murder oration on the death of Cæsar; defending the regicide act of Brutus upon a great principle of popular right, applicable to all times; taking occasion, apropos to nothing at all, to introduce an invective against those whom he called the Dictators of Ire-

land, and sketching three illustrious characters high in the Irish government, as the triumvirate, who, with the same patricidal views as those of the Roman triumvirs, wanted only the courage and the talents to effect the same ends. The speech got into the opposition journal, which complimented the speaker with the title of the Irish Mirabeau, an imitation of whose eloquence, by the by, he gave us last night at the castle."

"Indeed!" said Lord Knocklofty, pausing in his measured pace before his wife: "and is this the person, Lady Knocklofty, whom you brought forward, as I hear you did, in so extraordinary a way, last night; availing yourself of the Duke's complaisance and good nature—is this the hero of your frolic?"

"Pooh, nonsense!" said Lady Knocklofty, carelessly, "my frolic was every body's frolic; and it was neither as improper as Lady Glenmore's frolic with the sweep; nor as fatal as your lordship's, when you and your friends personated highwaymen, in the Phoenix Park,

to frighten the Ladies Butler; when you not only upset their carriage and broke Lady Anne's arm, but shot one of the postilions *by accident*, and scared to death old Lady Castletown, who never recovered the fright. Archdeacon, you are like old Croaker, in Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man;" you have always some stock horror, some conspiracy or sedition on hands. I wish they would make you a bishop, and then you would be quiet. Kitty Macguire, do ring the bell for dinner; what are the people about?"

"Won't you wait for the Chancellor?" asked Miss Macguire, while the Countess's *sortie* produced a momentary silence in all; for even Lord Knocklofty's solemn haughtiness was at times borne down by his wife's vehemence.

"Does the Chancellor dine here?" asked Lady Knocklofty, with a look of annoyance.

"He proposed to do so an hour back, when I met him on the circular road," said Lord Knocklofty.

"So he told me," said the Bishop. "I rode

into town with him. He doesn't see the row of last night in the same point of view as the Lord Lieutenant, who considers it as a mere street brawl. He says that he has long had his eye upon this O'Brien, who hoisted the seditious flag in the park yesterday."

"Who the devil is he?" demanded Lord Knocklofty.

Lady Mary and the Archdeacon both opened their mouths at once; and the latter exclaimed, "He is the mischievous young scamp, who gave my father the nick-name of the arch dæmon; the son of Terence O'Brien, the present Lord Arranmore. Your Lordship may remember the fuss which was made about this scape-grace twelve years ago, when I discovered that notwithstanding his name having been entered on the books of the diocesan school, he was, for the greater part of the year, actually under the tuition of a foreign priest in the isles of Arran: and this too in the face of the statute, which provided that the son of an attorney shall be bred in the

established religion, and made it felony for any catholic priest to keep a school."

"Well?" said Lord Knocklofty, impatiently.

"Well," said the Archdeacon, "a writ having been served, or rather sent by the proper officer to force this priest to appear before the constituted authorities of St. Grellan, the people of the islands, followers of these O'Briens, and bigotted papists, led on by one Shane, the son of the noted Mor ny Brien, and of one, the last of the Connaught rapparees, surrounded the priest's house for his protection: and this Shane, being pressed by one of the king's officers, murdered him on the spot; or rather caused his death, for the murdered man died within six months; and the fellow stood his trial, and was hanged at St. Michael's Cross in Galway."

"Well?" said Lord Knocklofty, still more impatiently.

"Well, my lord, the priest having escaped to the continent, and the boy having shortly

afterwards disappeared, and his mother dying (a sister, by the way, of those old catamaran jacobites, the Miss Mac Taafs), Terence O'Brien came to Dublin to pursue his claims to the title; where he spent his time and fortune in haunting the law courts, and searching the record and rolls offices. The boy had been sent to Douay to be made a priest of; but he suddenly reappeared at Trinity College, where he entered as a *filius nobilis*. As this happened just before I resigned my fellowship, I was struck with the name of Murrough Mac Teig O'Brien on the books; and on further inquiry, I found that this youth had passed the last eight years of his life as a soldier of fortune; and has come from the continent warmed with the precepts of his old tutor, the *ci-devant* parish priest of St. Grellan. For the Abbé O'Flaherty, you must know, my lord," he added, turning to the Bishop, "has become a French bishop, and is one of those who are called the constitutional clergy; renegades to their king and their God, who have declared

that the property of the church is national property ; and who have consented to the abolition of tithes. In a pamphlet dedicated to his friend Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, he has advanced on the authority of scripture, that the clergy are the simple administrators of the church wealth ; which was given for worship, and not to the priesthood. Such is the school, and such the precepts, to which the Irish university is indebted for its new honourable member."

" *Le pauvre homme,*" said Lady Honoria, looking dramatically at the Archdeacon ; who was perspiring at every pore at the horrors he was relating.

" And who is this courageous Bishop," said Lady Knocklofty, " who dares to sacrifice his own interests to the general good. What is his name ? Good heavens, how I should like to know him."

" What nonsense you talk, Albina," said Lord Knocklofty.

" When in Ireland," said the Archdeacon,

“he was called the Abbé O’Flaherty, and passed for a cousin of that famous, or rather infamous Count O’Flaherty, who, you may remember, my Lord, contrived to rob my father of a considerable part of his property, through the chicanery of Terence O’Brien; and who, received in Connaught as the champion of popery, ended by carrying off the foreign Abbess of St. Bridget’s, brought over from Italy by O’Brien’s jesuit uncle, to reform the order in St. Grellan.”

A general laugh followed this narrative.

“I was at Cambridge then,” said Lord Knocklofty; “but I remember something of the matter.”

“Pray go on, Archdeacon,” said Lady Knocklofty, now interested and excited; “carried off the Abbess?”

“Yes, Lady Knocklofty; or rather unfortunately, he did not carry her off, till he had scandalized the whole world, by taking her to the Abbey of Moycullen; where he had built apartments for the celebration of his orgies,

which still attest, by their licentious pictures, the purposes for which they were fitted up."

"What purposes?" asked Lady Honoria, demurely. "What purposes, Archdeacon? pray tell us!"

"Lady Honoria," said the Archdeacon, "you will spare me the details."

"Spare his blushes," whispered Miss Macguire.

"Suffice it to say," continued the Archdeacon solemnly, "that all that was ever said of Cæsar Borgia and Heliogabalus, and all the profligate papists and pagans that ever lived, did not exceed the life led by the Count and his French friends; so at least I am told: for I was then a very young man, and such things were studiously kept from my knowledge by my father the late Archdeacon. . . ."

"*Le pauvre innocent!*" whispered Lady Honoria to Lady Knocklofty.

"I am told that he actually assumed the habit of an Abbot, dressed up his companions in

monk's tunics, and established a sort of licentious club, called '*The Monks of the Vine.*' "

"Something like the Monks of the Screw here in Dublin, I suppose," said Lady Honoria.

"Oh, worse, worse a great deal, Lady Honoria. They exceeded in profligacy all that was ever heard of."

"Had they any six-bottle men among them, like our Cherokees?" demanded Lord Kilcolman.

"Lord Kilcolman, I know not what they had: the proceedings at Moycullen were fortunately hid from the world. I believe the Count admitted but few persons at the abbey; though, when he went out, he was well received; for he was a most insinuating and winning man in his manners."

"He was indeed!" said Lady Mary. "I was then almost a child; but I remember he always put me in mind of Richardson's Lovelace."

"And you, *par hasard*, might have been his

Clarissa," said Lady Honoria, "if the mammas and papas had admitted him to *Beauregard*."

"I assure you," said Lady Mary, evasively, "he was received and pushed on by the Clanrickards, the De Burghs, and other catholic nobility; though my dear father refused to visit him for many reasons."

"But from the time," continued the Archdeacon, "when he abducted, or rather was suspected of abducting the Abbess (for it was given out that she was drowned, her veil having been found floating on the rocks at St. Grellan at the back of the convent, and masses were said for her soul in spite of the penal statutes), he was cut by all."

"Well," said Lady Knocklofty, "and how did the romance end?"

"Oh! the catholic church has a way of hushing up all its scandalous romances, as your ladyship calls this event. The Abbess was never heard of more. The whole circumstance was denied by those, whose interests required that

the truth should not be revealed. The Monks of the Vine dispersed. The Count returned to France, and was either killed in a duel, or assassinated in the Bois de Boulogne; and his property was bequeathed in trust to some foreign agent, for purposes which, if inquired into, would, I doubt not, be found illegal."

Here the announcement of the Lord Chancellor, and the order for dinner interrupted the conversation; and objects of more immediate importance at that season of the day, were discussed and digested, with a uniformity of opinion, unbroken by a single dissentient voice.

CHAPTER V.

O'BRIEN HOUSE.

Full of state and ancientry.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHILE the party at Proudfort House were assembled round the sumptuous table of its ostentatious host, the object of this recent discussion (released from his durance by means, at which he himself blushed), proceeded to that lonely and desolate house, where no sumptuous table, nor brilliant guests awaited him.

At the epoch in question, when every thing went by privilege and favour, and life and liberty were in Ireland at the disposal of a ruling caste; debts of a private nature were easily paid off, at the expence of public justice or public wealth; and forms were daily violated, as the spirit of the constitution was outraged

to answer some particular purpose of a powerful individual, or to get rid of some obnoxious opponent. O'Brien, at five o'clock of the day which followed his arrest, found himself at liberty. No charge had been brought (or rather was permitted to be brought) against him: and while the officious and boasting O'Mealy acted as the immediate agent in the affair, it was not doubtful to O'Brien, that the lovely and kind arbitress of his destiny, was the all-powerful Lady Knocklofty.

O'Mealy having accompanied his *protégé* to the gate of the lower castle yard, left him in the filthy defile of Ship-street; after having disburthened himself of so much of the tediousness of his undisguised vulgarity of mind and manner, as excited new wonder, that one so below the mark of ordinary education, should have made himself the associate of those, whose rank was an assurance for their refinement.

O'Brien, as he still smiled at some of the

Captain's absurdities, recalled a precept which he had often heard repeated by his Colonel, the charming Prince de Ligne, to the young men of his staff and regiment, "*Je veux que le militaire, qui a été aussi aimable le soir, que le grand Condé l'étoit chez Ninon, soit d'aussi bonne heure à sa troupe le matin, que fut toujours le brave Turenne.*" Such were the maxims upon which O'Brien's military education had been formed. But the grand Condé, Ninon, Turenne, and Captain O'Mealy, of the Royal Irish ! what a comparison !! He shrugged his shoulders, and sighed ; for he felt that this first sacrifice to patriotism, on quitting the service of a foreign despot, was not the least, as he was beginning to feel, it would not be the last.

Released from the coarse and vulgar garrulity of his companion, he hurried home to O'Brien House by those obscure ways, bye streets, and dirty lanes and courts, which Stanihurst and Ware have rendered historical ; but which are

now the purlieus of a squalid indigence, that turns aside the eye of charity by the filth or vice which accompanies its wretchedness.

Threading the disgusting mazes of the liberties, where epidemic maladies are perpetuated by helpless, hopeless, irremediable poverty, his heart recoiled, and his senses sickened. Figures and faces presented themselves at every step, in which the impress of crime, or the traces of famine left scarcely a human feature: and this too almost in sight of the architectural cupolas and gilded vanes of the seat of that government, which was answerable for every combination, that had contributed to produce such an unparalleled order of things.

To these painful impressions succeeded reflections, rapid as his steps, on his own recent adventures,—the occurrences of the preceding day and night—his liberation—his liberatress. The ring so mysteriously exchanged for one not unknown, nor unconnected with his former life; the perpetual apparition of that wild, and to his

apprehension, supernatural figure ; the fate too that awaited him at the college, where he well knew that he was already watched ; and above all, the annoyance which he must have occasioned to his father, who, after an absence of three months, had just returned in time to witness the part he had taken in the riot, all recurred to his imagination. He was almost certain that he had seen Lord Arranmore at the gable window of the attic on the preceding evening ; and, that the paternal door had been closed against him in a moment of such exigency, was a proof how much and how deeply he had incurred the displeasure of one, who had but too many annoyances to contend against.

It was at this point of a reverie (which had more than once made him lose his way, and obliged him to apply for information as to the shortest cut to Watling-street), that he reached O'Brien House. It seemed to him to wear more than its usual air of sad and sombre dilapidation. The evening was bleak and gloomy.

A drizzling rain was beginning to fall, and gusts of wind were blowing down the river, to which the solitary and isolated mansion stood singularly exposed. Almost all the window-shutters were closed; and some loose papers flaunting in the wind and hanging on the walls, intimated that an auction had taken place there since the previous night. With a sinking heart he tore down one of these advertisements, and could just make out from the fragment, the words “sheriff’s sale—inch of candle—valuable antiquities—materials of the house to be sold—fine old carved oak chimney-piece.” One of the old gossips of the neighbourhood, familiarly stopping and reading over O’Brien’s shoulder, exclaimed,

“Why, then, they had better take it down while it stands; for sorrow long will it keep together. See there, Sir, there’s a beam that’s green and soaked with the wet, giving way already. I tould th’ould woman that, a week ago and more; and if you are a frind of the

family, you'd be doing well to tell them the same."

O'Brien thanked her for her information, and with a heavy heart knocked at the door. He had repeated his knock, before the window in the gable was slowly opened, and a head as suddenly drawn in as it was put out. After the delay of a few minutes, the door was opened by Robin.

"So, Robin," said O'Brien, a little startled at the appearance of the porter, not only without his livery, but without shoes and stockings; "is my father at home?"

"My lard's not at home," was the mechanical reply.

"Not at home! why he arrived in town last night, did he not?"

"Ay, did he," said Robin; "but my lard's not at home now."

"Pooh!" said Murrogh, passing impatiently by him; then suddenly stopping, as Robin closed the door behind him, he asked, "Where is your mother? where is Alice?"

“ There,” said Robin, pointing to a parlour on the left, which had never more than one window unshuttered, for nearly a century.

Murrough turned in to speak with the scarcely more human, though more communicative Alice ; but his blood chilled, and he stood fixed to the threshold, as he gazed round him. Dark and desolate, the spacious empty room was only lighted by a single tallow candle, placed at the head of the corpse of old Alice, which was stretched on a mattress, and shrouded in a sheet. The sight of death, under all its forms, is dreadful to the young, to whom life is an eternity. After a short pause, O'Brien demanded,

“ When did she die ?”

The graceless progeny of the old woman, as he stood coolly peeling and eating a turnip, answered, “ Last night, shure.”

“ Of what did she die ?”

“ I don't know, shure.”

“ She was alive yesterday ?”

“ Ay,” said Robin, filling his mouth with the

last slice of his turnip, and shutting up his clasp-knife, his only property.

O'Brien, in equal disgust at the living and the dead, moved away, shuddering; and slowly and mechanically mounted the broad, old, creaking stairs. He was proceeding to the sitting-room on the first floor, when Robin, with more than wonted energy, sprung after him, and catching him by the coat, cried emphatically, "Shure my lard's not at home—no, in troth."

O'Brien shook him off, though almost tempted to believe him from his earnestness. He threw back the door of the drawing-room, and found it empty. It was a long, low room, which ran nearly through the whole of the front of the house; save only where stood a dark closet, which lay at the further extremity, and led by a narrow passage to a flight of steep stairs that ascended to the attics.

O'Brien entered the room; the door of the closet was suddenly shut, as if by a blast of wind; but he heard, or fancied that he heard, a

light retreating step. He flew to the door, but could not open it.

“ There is certainly, Robin, some one in this closet.”

“ My lard's not at home any how,” said Robin, with a dogged air ; and O'Brien was again inclined to believe that he told truth, and to think that his own gloomy and heated imagination had deceived him. Not doubting, however, that Lord Arranmore would sleep (perhaps for the last time) in this miserable “ home ;” and struck with the little or no anxiety he had expressed relative to his son's late peculiar situation, he resolved to await his arrival ; and not to return to college, till the darkness of the night should shroud his own somewhat disorderly appearance. He had slept on the guard-house settle in his clothes (if that short feverish slumber he had taken for an hour after daylight could be called sleep) ; and the anxiety, fatigue, and dissipation of the previous night had impressed their traces on his countenance. Fortunately, a substantial

luncheon, taken with O'Mealy in the guard-room, rendered him independent of that refreshment, which his father's house could not afford ; for there " pale fast that with the gods doth diet" seemed to have established his reign.

At no time, since the return of the heir of O'Brien House, had its appearance been suitable to the rank of its possessor. The greater number of its nests and closets, by courtesy called rooms, were utterly dilapidated and unfurnished ; exhibiting upon their walls, and in their fixtures, curious relics of the style of fitting up houses in Ireland, in former times ; when even the hangings were not permanent, when the walls were left bare and rude ; and when, on the removal of the family into the country, the scantiness of the furniture obliged them to carry away the carpeting, cloth, or leather, that covered out the brick and mortar,—and nothing but doors, windows, and chimney-pieces, remained stationary. Thus, however, it was, in the gorgeous reign of Louis the Fourteenth ;

when a princess of the blood, and the greatest heiress in the world,* travelled from her house in Paris, to her *châteaux* in the provinces, with her sumpter mules laden with the beds, on which herself and her court slept alike in town and country. Comfort and order are the privileges of a free people; and the French and the Irish, who had not then tasted of the blessings of constitutional liberty, were alike remote from all its accessory advantages: both were, even then, centuries behind England and Holland, in all the accommodations of domestic life.

The only room furnished in O'Brien House, was the great drawing-room, as it was pompously called by its lord; though its dimensions alone justified the description, by a comparison with the rest of the apartments. Even this state chamber was destitute of every modern comfort. No window closed, no door (and there were four opening into the room) hung firmly and freely on its hinges. All that an old, faded and moth-eaten tapestry carpet did not

* Madame de Montpensier.

cover of the black oak narrow-ribbed floor, was mouldered into rat-holes ; and nothing of the original fixtures remained whole and complete, but a superb and curious chimney-piece, of the famous black oak of the once celebrated wood of Shilelah, the shelter of so many rebel heads, and the despair of so many English chieftains of the Pale. This chimney-piece rose from the surface on either side, and canopied, on high, the spacious, open, and ungrated hearth. It was curiously carved : and its delicate and laborious minutiae were not unworthy of the chisel of Gibbons. It was crowned with the arms and supporters of the O'Brien family, surmounted by the royal Irish crown ; under which was carved upon a label, and in old Irish characters, "Thou who madest heaven and earth, bless this house, which Murrough O'Brien and Onor his wife caused to be raised in the year" The date was worn out ; but it was a tradition, that the house had been occupied by the O'Brien family, since the reign of Elizabeth, whose favourite, (for the maiden

queen had always a pet Irishman), the Lord Thomond, her privy counsellor and president of Munster, was the Murrough O'Brien mentioned in the carving. This house was likewise the "lodging," whence the famous Lord Inchiquin (called the incendiary), the renegade General of Cromwell, had dated many of his letters; and lastly, it had been occupied by O'Brien, Lord Clare, of George the First's time, who died Marshal Thomond, and Governor of Alsace.

The purchase of this mansion-house by the present Lord Arranmore, after it had been half a century in litigation, was among the items of uncalculated and ruinous expenditure, into which he had been betrayed "*par l'amour de l'antiquaille*," (to use a phrase of Rabelais); and the only furniture he had thrown into it was so adopted to the genius of the place, that the withdrawing-room of O'Brien House, would, in the present day, have made the glory of a genuine collector; and have rivalled the glass

closet, blue room, and Holbein chamber of Strawberry Hill. There, had stood the famous harp of Brian Borrû, now the choicest specimen in the Museum of the Irish University. There, too, was treasured the beautiful ebony crosier, tipped with gold, so powerfully wielded in the Abbey of Quin, by the celebrated O'Brien, Bishop of Killaloo, in Queen Elizabeth's day ; a bishoprick which (said a label attached to the crosier), "none could enjoy without the consent of the Mac-i-Brien," the Tanist of the day. There, flaunted, "all tattered and torn," over an old Indian screen, the "rich foot-cloth of black velvet, trimmed up with gold and silver lace," bequeathed in the will of the great Lady Thomond, 1672, together with her "counterpane of tawny satin, quilted with silken twist." There, likewise stood much of the rich plunder of Malahide Castle, the cabinets and portraits of the Talbots ; given by Corbett during the time that most beautiful of the castellated residences of the English lords of the Pale was in his

possession, to his friend and brother officer Inchi-quin : together with such tables and chairs, such stools and voydores, bubles and buffets, as had gone out of fashion with the battle of the Boyne ; and have come in, as anti-revolutionary and loyal, during the late reaction of all that is old and useless, over all that is new and serviceable.

Such relics, however, with their historical recollections, will always have the fanciful and imaginative on their side ; and the young student of the University, in the visits he had paid to his father's antiquated mansion, had examined them with intense curiosity and interest ; more especially the fine old portraits, in their carved oak frames, of the bold, brave, and beautiful race from which he was descended.

Now, however, he was struck even to sorrowful amazement, on the life nerve of that family pride, so curiously mingled with his democratic opinions,—an amalgamation of incompatibles, which forms the weakness of almost all the

liberal descendants of the great feudal families, both of the Scotch and Irish. A total change had been effected in the apartment, since he last had visited it. The portraits of the Bishop of Killaloo, of Marshal Thomond, and of the beautiful Lady Mary O'Brien of King Charles's court, were gone. So were the exquisite crozier of the Abbot of Quin, the screen, the foot-cloth, and the counterpane of the great Lady Thomond,—relics which O'Brien had often seen his father kiss with pious reverence. The cabinets and curious carved altar-piece of Malahide Castle still remained ; but they were packed up carefully, and labelled, “ purchased by Colonel Talbot, of Malahide Castle, duty to be paid by the purchaser.” Nothing, of all the objects he had been accustomed to look upon with interest and pride, was there, save a corner cupboard, (or, as it was called, buffet), so incorporated with the walls as to be immoveable, two arm-chairs on either side the fire-place, and an old table with twisted legs, (called,

from its hexapodal basis, a spider table). These were chalked "unsold." On the latter was a pile of very old books, with a label, "sold for waste paper to Sheriff Vance, grocer, Capel-street." O'Brien sighed deeply as he looked over them. They were, an odd volume of Dugdale's Baronage; Spelman, much torn and defaced; Selden and Bracton complete, but soiled; Howard's Popery Laws; a copy of the Penal Statutes, and a volume of Collins, which was marked by a strip of paper, and interlined with red ink.

The marked passage ran thus:—"It is a rule that an honour, or barony, or a tenure by barony, does not enforce a conclusion that the possessor is a baron of parliament." This conclusion was a point which Lord Arranmore had been toiling to overturn; for though he had recovered his barren title, he had not established his right to sit in parliament; the first Baron Arranmore never having complied with the writ, by coming in to take his seat. These had been the studies, and these the pursuits

which had seduced Terence O'Brien from his industrious and prosperous calling, and had drawn him to sacrifice to pride of family, (a natural, as it was a characteristic folly), that independence which is the sole base of the best and noblest pride. For if wealth has its vices, poverty has its weaknesses ; and if the rich can often stoop to be mean, the poor are rarely enabled to be high-minded.

“What,” thought O'Brien, as he stood with folded arms, looking round him on the empty spaces left by the removal of his father's collection, “what must it have cost him to part with these objects of his tastes, his research, and his pride ! 'Tis so much easier to part with ordinary essentials, than with the superfluities, with which the passions have connected themselves.”

It was evident that a sheriff's sale had taken place during the morning ; and O'Brien supposing that a newspaper which lay on the table might contain some account of it, he took it up ; when to his surprise he found that it had con-

cealed an open volume of illuminated vellum, with a small ivory pallet, and a hair pencil in a glass of water. The colours on the pallet were still wet; and in the open page of the volume was accurately and beautifully drawn the antiquated chimney-piece, with its crown, arms, and inscription. The drawing was not finished, but the first outline and tints were laid in with the hand of a master. He examined the book in astonishment. It looked like a splendid album of modern, modish, literary frippery; or, but for its freshness, it might have been mistaken for one of those magnificent missals, from which the ostentatious piety of passed times loved to pray.

The room, it was evident, had very recently been occupied by the elegant artist. There was part of an old wainscoat burning on the great brazen dogs of the spacious hearth; and the ponderous leg of an old chair seemed to lie in store beside them, to replenish the embers which were now burning dimly. O'Brien looked into

the buffet ; and there stood a brazen candlestick, with a butt of one of those immense wax tapers used on church altars. It also contained that Irish *morçeau* of *pâtisserie*, called a *Barneen-braec*, an old-fashioned cruets of water, and a small flask of that genuine Irish cordial, (the *curaçoa* of the O'Donnels, and the *parfait amour* of the O'Neils,) Usquebaugh,—or rather more classically, “Uishge buy.”*

From all these evidences, O'Brien drew the conclusion, that his father was getting a drawing made of the family relic, which was now no longer his ; and that both himself and the artist he employed, would return, under cover of the evening, to finish a sketch so happily began. Unwilling again to put the stultified fidelity of Robin to the test, (who had evidently been bound over to secrecy, by some threat or reward, sufficient to preserve it) ; he was determined, more

* “Uishge buy,” the yellow water ; from the saffron, which, being infused in it, imparts to that compound its fine golden colour.

than ever, to wait the return of his unfortunate parent, in whose ruin his own was involved, but whose fate alone touched him; and he again turned to the table, to the examination of the volume, whose pure, rich, Roman binding of white vellum, ornamented with gold, with its silver clasps studded with Irish amethysts, so curiously contrasted with the dirty and ill-scented leather backs of Collins and Selden, and with the poverty of all around it. On looking at its frontispiece, which was beautifully illuminated with shamrocks and harps and rainbows, he read the following title-page:—

The Annals of the Isles of Arran and Moycullen,
or the
Green Book of St. Grellan;
done into English by
The Abbot Malachi O'Flaherty,
called
Malachi an Leabhair, or, of the Book;
with Notes and Commentaries by
The Right Hon. T. O'Brien, Baron of Arranmore,
and illuminated by

* * * * *

O'Brien had heard so much of this book in his childhood, of its superiority over the Psalter of Cashel, the Annals of Ulster, the Annals of the Seven Masters, the Leabhair Gabhala, or Black Book of Hoath, and the Blue Book of Ballytore; and even over that great national record (so much prized and praised by all Irish antiquaries, from O'Flaherty to Valancey), the Annals of Innisfallen, that his curiosity had long been sharpened by the privation; and he was now much pleased to light upon it. When Sir George Carew and Sir Henry Sydney received orders to destroy all the Irish manuscripts they could find in the kingdom, this treasure of the bibliotheca Grellensis had been secretly conveyed out of the kingdom, and had been deposited in that great *répertoire* (beside things most valuable) of all the nonsense consecrated by antiquity,—the library of the Vatican. From this depository it had lately been taken by a powerful member of the Roman church; who though an Irishman by birth, stood better at

the court of the Quirinal, than many of the conclave; and who, though an exile from infancy, was now returning to the land of his nativity.

However different in temperament, opposed in opinion, or various in views the young may be, from those who give to their ductile minds their first impressions,—many of those impressions will remain indelible. They will even survive respect for those, from whom they were drawn; and will cling to the mind with an habitual tenacity that sets reason at defiance, and loosens conviction from its strongest holds. The young O'Brien, an epitome of the regenerated age to which he belonged, going with its views, and animated by its spirit, a worshipper of La Fayette, a disciple of Mirabeau, partaking of all the “glorious faults” which distinguished the youth of his times, as well as of their merits, was yet, with respect to Ireland, full of the “vulgar errors of the wise.” On those national subjects, which have so long led the Irish from the better career of national improvement,

and retrograded intellect, by directing its researches to the barbarous times, so falsely called heroic,—he was purely Irish. Knowing nothing of modern Ireland, but her sufferings and her wrongs; knowing little of ancient Ireland, but her fables and her dreams, his mind had been stored with popular and poetical fallacies relative to all that concerned her in the barbarous “days of her glory;” and unconsciously partaking in his father’s prejudices and sentiments, while he had stood opposed to him in his political and religious opinions,—he was, upon many points, as visionary and as fanciful as him, whose illusions he now so keenly deplored. Deeply read in O’Flaherty, and in Keating, in O’Connor, and all the celebrated genealogists and senachies, ancient and modern,—and from his cradle the auditor of his Irish foster-mother, the famous wierd woman of the Isles of Arran, Mor ny Brien,—his memory and imagination nourished these early associations; and recollections of family glory were the more fondly che-

rished, in proportion to the growing misfortunes and mortifications of his present struggling position: for, to the young and the aspiring, the struggles which arise between poverty and pride are the most painful contests to which the human will can be subjected.

Pleased, in a moment so suspenseful and anxious, to have lighted upon any subject, that could divert his attention from the melancholy point to which it was naturally bent, he drew one of the old chairs to the table, and began the examination of the sybil leaves of a record, which, besides being reputed the "brief abstract" of the history of the nation, was deemed the best chronicle extant of the two rival families of the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, whose destinies and stories seemed so mysteriously interwoven.

The first pages were vellum, covered with silver paper: they contained the armorial bearings of the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, drawn with heraldic skill, and painted in the brightest tints; and in rapidly turning over the gilt leaves,

O'Brien perceived that many of the adventures recorded of those families were illustrated with beautiful vignettes, admirably imitating the monastic portraits and illuminations of ancient missals, with an art still taught in Italian convents, as an appropriate acquirement for those whose talents are only cultivated for the service of the church. The text was in a fine Italian hand, such as is written by the professional scribes of Rome ; who are equally expert in copying the legend of a saint, or in inditing a tender "*biglietto d'amore*." * The notes and commentaries were written, in off-pages, in the well-known office hand of Lord Arranmore. The whole appeared to be an improved and beautiful copy of the very ancient original, which had probably been restored to its consecrated niche in the great counters of the Vatican collection.

* Mr. Davis, an English artist of celebrity, has taken the *biglietto d'amore* for the subject of one of the prettiest compositions that English art has produced in the country of the Raphaels and Guidos.

While looking with a school-boy's eagerness over the glittering pictures, astonished by some, delighted by all, O'Brien found the grey light of a most sombre and rainy evening grow dim; and the wind, as it shook the windows, burst open the doors, and entered by every crevice, cranny, and broken sash in the room, rendered its desolate vastness so chill, that, trembling with cold, and desirous to read at his ease, he stirred up the embers, threw the old leg of the chair on the fire, lighted the bit of wax taper, and closed the rattling shutter of the window next the chimney. Then drawing his chair and table near the suddenly blazing hearth, and with his legs stretched upon the dogs, he began a regular perusal of

The Annals of St. Crellan.

CHAPTER VI.

Annals of St. Grellan.

Instructed by the antiquary, Time.

SHAKSPEARE.

The light of antiquity and wisdom of past ages.

Letter of J. K. L.

YEAR of the world 500.—Great pace and prosperitie of Innisfail, or Irelande.* Under God's providence, the Ballyboe of St. Grellan, aunciently called Croich-Fuineah, or the "finall countrie," being the last cantred of lande in the place, darting out into the great western sae, flourishes above the worlde; in salubritie far

* "To give a regular account of the first inhabitants of Ireland, I am obliged to begin at the creation of the world."—*Dr. Keating's History of Ireland.*

The doctor begins by quoting a celebrated antediluvian Irish poet, "Cad aimsu an bleedha," &c. &c. "from the sixth day, when Adam first was formed."

above Brittain. Abounding in milke and honey; also not wanting in fysh, foule, ne red deir. The people much given to learning and musick, great players upon the harpe, of lofty stature, and mighty comely. They multiply exceedingly!

A. M. 1525.—Arrivall of one Cesarea, a niece of one Noah,* who, rigging out a navire,

* "Various are the opinions," says Keating, "concerning the first mortal, who set a foot upon the island. We are told by some, that three of the daughters of Cain arrived here several hundred years before the deluge; and the old poet gives us this account:

"Fri hingiona chaidhin Chain mar aon ar
Seth mac Adhamh,
Ad chonairch an Banba ar nus ar mabhair
Liom anionthus."

"The three fair daughters of the cursed Cain,
With Seth, the son of Adam, first beheld
The isle of Banba."

Another poet, however, asserts that

"Ceasar inghion Bheatha bhuain dalta Sabhuill mac
aionnaill,
An chead bhean chalma do chinn, an inis Banba-
riandilion:"

cometh to seek adventures, and falleth on the coaste of Connemara, together with fifty faymales, or gallads, or leadyes, having only three males on boarde; one of whom was called Fintan, a great gramog,* or curinkey† of a fellow.

1595.—Whereas, in this yeare of the worlde, Noah began to admonishe the people of the generall deluge to come, for their detestable sinnes, and more particularly the people of St. Grellan, in regarde of the arrivauall of Cesarea and her fifty faymales, ladyes, or gallads; and Noah continued admonishions for one hundred and twenty yeares, (while he builded himself an ark for him and his) which made the inhabitants of St. Grellan say it was all Tallagh-hill talk, till a poure down of rayne, and the overflowing

“ Ceasarea, daughter of the good Beatha,
Nursed by the careful hand of Sabhuill,
Was the first woman, in the list of fame,
That set a foot on Banba's rugged shore,
Before the world was drowned.”

* A buffoon.

† The leader of the war-dance.

of the great river Suck,* caused an universall floode, and drowned them all; in which perplexitie of minde and imminent daunger, Fintan transformed himself into a saumon and swoomed all the time of the deluge in the Suck, which, to this day, is famous for its saumon fysb, called by the people, in regard of the bushoppes dues, "tithe fyshe." And the saide Fintan recovering his former shape, after the sayde deluge, lived longer than Adam, and had greate *Shanaòs* † of the ould times, which he toulde to his posteritie: so that of him, the common speech riseth to this blessed houre, "if I had lived Fintan's yeares, I could tel as much and more." ‡

* A river in Connaught.—A modern Irish epic begins—

"Ye sons of Suck," &c. &c.

† *Shanaòs*, genealogical gossipry, from "*Senachy*," an annalist.

‡ The learned and revered Keating expresses some doubt as to Fintan living two thousand years; because, he says, no authors of note have transmitted such an account to posterity. He, however, adds, "I must own there

1526. Ireland riseth out of the sae like a beautiful water-lily, or lump of Kerry-stone diamond.

1800. Arrivall of three shippes in the port of St. Grellan, and one barque, contayning three hundreth men, and one small boy or gassoon; being the familie and followers of one Japeth, led on by Bartholanus, a greate sae captaine; greate skirmish and fierce battaille betweene the new comers and the ancient oulde Irish; the former claiming a righte to the place, in respect of their kin, and Cousine Cesarea, who conquered the lande.

The Irish denying the same, a greate battaille ensueth, and the ancient oulde Irish are driven into the Fassaghs of Connact province.

1801. Greate pace and plentie in Irelande for six months and more.

is very good reason for me to believe, that there was a very old man, in the time of St. Patrick, who lived some hundred years before, and gave him a particular account of the History of Ireland." But this man's name was Tuam, and not Fintan.—Note by the Baron O'Brien.

1802. Where God hath his church, the devil hath his chapel, for it seemeth that the country became uproarious, in regard of the arrivall of the cursed seed of Shem, with their captain, one Oceanus, who landed at the port of St. Grellan, and gives his name to the sea thereabouts, which has ever since been called Ocean. Greater bickerings and skirmishes between the Giants and ancient old Irish, also the Bartholomian settlers: success various between lawful governors and new usurpers—the giants are slain, and thrown into the sea; greater peace and plenty throughout the year. The ancient Irish multiply exceedingly.

1803. More new commerce or transplanters. Arrivall of the Belgians in a fleet, well rigged, led on by Slangey or Slang, prevails over the Bartholomians; but the Danans, a new colony, arriving, the Bartholomians forfeit their lands, and the Belgians are driven into the Fassaghs of Connact province,—only Slang, who accepteth

a commission in the Irish militia :* his progeny flourish in the lande to this day. And now the Danans remayne masters of the sayde londe, 198 yeares, 6 months, and 2 dais.

Warres and uproares with the Belgians of the mountaynes, being frequent, in the neck of all mischief and hurli-burles, in the yeare of the worlde 2828, there appeareth on the coast of St. Grellan, 120 shippes, being the fleet of them bould invaders, the Kirca-Scuits, or Scote, or Scots, or Scytoe, or Scythians, from Scythia, or Milesians from Milesius (as Trogus and Marianus Scotus, do write), whose sons, Heber and Here-mon† did conquer the londe entirely, dividing of it betweene them,—Heber to South, and Here-mon to North ; but ambition, the mother of mischief, did not suffer them to remayne in pace, so

* For an account of the Fionne, Erin, or Irish militia, established before all recorded history, and of which the great Fingal was colonel or chief, see O'Halloran, Mac Pherson, O'Connor, &c. &c.

† See O'Connor's Dissertations on Ireland.

they put on armes, and to bataille they goe, Heber he being slaine by his own brother, and Heremon remayning cock of the roost.

1100. B. C.—Gathulus the Ardruith, or Arch-druid, planteth the true religion; the great idol of Croich Fuineah, or St. Grellan, thrown into the sae, to the entire moane of the ancient oulde Irish. And Gathulus presideth metropolitically under the sovereign pontiff.* And now, Heremon, his conscience being sore pinched for his brother's murther, he giveth great stretche of londe to the druids; and the greate wood of St. Grellan, called Bally ny doire; and the reste of the londe is parcelled out among the chief captains. And Con Maol, of the Dalcaskan race, founder of the O'Briens, son of Heber,

* The Gauls had a sovereign pontiff, or head of the Druids. The druidical, or celtic religion, was the same as that of the old patriarchs. They worshipped one Supreme Being; their temple was a consecrated grove; they believed in a future state of rewards and punishments; they offered victims to their god, and celebrated festivals in his honour. —See Universal History, vol. xviii. p. 351.

son of Milesius, settleth along the coaste of Munster, to the Isle of Arran;* and the Hy Fflaherties, or O'Fflaherties, take to the mountains of Connamara, or the bays of the great sae, and found their kingdom of Iar Connaught, or the Hy Tartagh, whereof Moy Cullen is the principal sate; and the Hy Taafs (now Mac Taafs) being ever a pithfull sept, stop in the Fassagh,† between hill and coast.

And now, as hath ever been in these kingdoms, greate change and alteration, by usurping and compounding among themselves, and by dividing of countrees, and skirmishes through other, and taking of preys of cattle, and forfeiting and reprizing.

And now the druids rule the londe, and prophecy the greate power of their order, and write their mysteries in a boke in the old Ogham, and depositeth it in the greate college of Mur

* For the rest of the pedigree of the O'Briens, up to Noah, see General History of Ireland, vol. i. p. 10.—Note by Lord Arranmore.

† Fassagh, a desolate place, or Moorland.

Ollivan at Feamor;* and the people, sett on by one King Cormac O'Quinn, a great scholar and heretic, demanded sight of the sacred boke, at which the chief druid did fume and chafe, saying it was an impious abomination; and the sayd King Cormack O'Quinn, still conferring and confuting with the sayd druid, payeth dearly for the same!

Two hundred yeares before Christe, great uproares—druids taking the londe for their god Baal, and the people of Munster rising up against them. The wolves came down from the mountaines and devoured all the inhabitants of St. Grellan, the rest being carried off with the plague. The druids declareth it a judgement for their pestiferous sinnes. And now the race of the O'Briens, the Dalcaskan kings of Munster, of the race of whom cometh Brian Borrà, or Borreimh, king of all Ireland, flourish above the world, and begin the great Momonian war, which is waged to this blessed day: so that the

* O'Connor calls this college "the celebrated mother of all our philosophical schools."

realm, as it were, submitted to the O'Briens intirely, and who but them, according to the Mulaneries.*

A. D. 390.—Christian religion beganne to roote in Irelande, as written in the Lyfe of Finn Lug,† saint and bushopp ; but not as some wilful men dreameth, by James the Apostel, neither by Patricius, Phaidrig, or Patrick,‡ but

* See that great monument of Irish antiquities, the Codex Momonensis, or Munster Book, whereof I have an authentic copy. No regular chronology being observed in this work, which alone containeth the succession of the Kings of Munster, of the Dalcascan race, I take leave to supply the defect in my genealogical account of the O'Briens, from the time of Logan More Moghnuagad, in the 2d century, to 1541, when Murrogh O'Brien surrendered the title of King of Munster to Henry the Eighth.—Note by Lord Arranmore.

† This King is called, by a modern Irish historian, the greatest legislator of all our kings, as he was indisputably the greatest philosopher of our nation. It appears that he paid the penalty of his philosophy ; for Mr. O'Connor informs us, that by openly opposing the corruptions of the druids, and attacking the temporal power of their priests, they attacked him with a treasonable conspiracy, which cost that great monarch no less than his life.

Mr. Walker, and most of the Irish antiquarians, call this king “ the Irish Lycurgus.”

‡ Almost every province in Ireland claims the establish-

by the said Finn Lug, who builded him a cell in the isle of the Black Lake of O'Flaherty's Mountain, which afterwards became a great Dominican friary, and is to this day, and will ever more. This friary became mother of the Abbey of St. Grellan, and of others in France, Germanie, Suavia, and Italie.

The chief druid ordereth Finn Lug, sainte and bushoppe, to be burnt; but he, Lug, warned of same in a dreame, as by a miracle, escapeth, and travels to Rome, where he is made bushoppe, and has the Ballyboe erected into a see by Pope Celestinus. He hastens back to Ireland with Saint Patrick, apostle and patron. St. Patrick converts Queen O'Brien, of Munster, and Finn Lug, the Queen O'Connor of Connaught, the kings following. Now the chief druids beganne to quake, no longer backed by kings or nobles, and falleth to railing; and Saint Finn Lug holdeth great converse with ment of Christianity by its own patron and favourite saint. St. Kieran is said, by Mr. O'Connor, to be the founder of Irish Christianity.

Duhbliach-Mac Logain, ardfleah or chief druid to the supreme king. He is converted, and composeth a hymn in honour of the christian religion. Druids, called magicians by Saint Patrick, are persecuted : they fly to the islands of Arran, and are protected by the clan Tieg O'Briens. Saint Patrick burns the bokes* in the college of Mur Ollivan, to the number of one hundred and eighty, as we are toulde by the learned Duald Mac F'irbess : and now the whole island being converted, so that there were as many saintes as soules, they multiplie exceedingly ; and the cell or monasterie of Finn

* It appears from the Life of St. Patrick, written by the Monk of Furnes, that the apostle of Ireland brought with him that destroying zeal which has distinguished the saints of all ages. He destroyed King Leoguire's gold and silver devils ; asserting that the good king was a worshipper of images, and he threw the poor man's two beautiful daughters, for the good of their souls, into a deep sleep, from which they never awakened. He had also the power of turning meat into poison in the mouths of his enemies ; a power he frequently exercised, " wherein (says the Rev. Jocelyn) we are sufficiently admonished not to offend the servants of God."

Lug, in the isle of the Black Lake, alone containing three thousand monkes, being of the first of the three orders established by Saint Patrick, called the most holy order, which was composed of three hundred and fifty regular bushoppes, all of them saintes, who drank nothing but water, and fed on nothing but herbes.

200.—The O'Briens now lord it manfully; and Eagan More, King of Munster, the great Momonican hero, makes war upon Con Caed-cathath, his cousin, who styles himself King of Ireland, and great murthur among the heroes of the O'Brien race, for divers usurpations in Munster and Connaught.*

(Here O'Brien, in disgust at the sanguinary absurdities, and confused and barbarous details of the wars of his ancestors, was about to throw

* For an account of this war, see O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*: It ended in a perfect reconciliation between the rival kinsmen, till fresh disputes arising relative to certain duties of the port of Dublin, Eagan More O'Brien was surprized in his bed, and barbarously murdered in prison, by Con Caed Cathath.—Note by Lord Arranmore.

aside the volume, when a beautiful vignette of the head of St. Grellan, the founder of his native town, induced him again to look into the text.)

664.—The saintes multiplie exceedingly, and the lande being overrun with them, many are sent into foreign countrees on the mission of the Propaganda; and Saint Grellan, a young novice, being ordered to Germanie by the abbot, is loth to lave the place. His heart being hardened, he refuseth to quit, and calleth the abbot, who was oulde and deaf, a *Bod-haire*,* and is excommunicated by bell, boke, and candle-light, for breaking the first rule of the church—obedience—and is sent out of the island in a bottomless boat, and sees a greate star in the lake, and finds it was a toothe dropped by Saint Patrick two hundred yeares before; and takes it for an omen, and by light of same, walks the worlde long and lone, bare foot and bare headed, through bog and brake, fern and fassagh, and ford and plash; and reaching Croick Fuineah,

* A deaf or stupid person.

(now St. Grellan), wake and weary, lyeth him down to die, sore suffering in sowl and sole. A deep sleep cometh on him, within reach of tide and floode, but the water retireth back on every side to the measure of four caracutes of lande, and left that place dry ever after, that is now the bawn or deer-close of the court of the abbey; and in memory of this marvellous miracle, Saint Grellan builded him a cell, of which that rock was the foundation, and stands to this day, nigh to the ould druid's cormach, by name of Carigyny-Grellan-an-Sanctha—the holy rock of Saint Grellan. Out of this cell grew the great abbey, or *monasterium Crovense*, now the greatest in the lande, of which St. Grellan was founder and first abbot, and builded a new city round it for the continual resort of Frinch, Allimandes, Saxons, or English, Picts, and Italians, and other barbarous nations, repairing there to be instructed in a strict course of lyfe; and was buried here; so that it may be called the storehouse of learning and holiness for the christian

worlde, and generall sanctuarie of saintes and apostels.

988.—And now the people of Connaught, headed by their kings and chiefs, and led on by the great O'Fflaherty, king of Iar Connaught, invaded the territories of the O'Briens, from West Munster to the isles of Arran; and by way of bravados, cut down the famous tree of Maghadoire, under which the kings of the O'Brien race were crowned. And it fell out, that Brien Borrû, now king of all Munster, stomached by this bouldnesse, saileth with a powerful army up the Shanon, and overrunning the western partes of Connaught, spoyled and laid waste the same, slaying O'Fflaherty, and Murtoch son of Conor, king of Connaught, and other princes, without distinction; and returned home with the spoyle. The great Abbey of Moycullen, founded by O'Fflaherty, chief of that name, and Prince of Moycullen, for the order of St. Bridget, whereof his daughter, Bevoine O'Fflaherty-ni-Brian was first Abbess;

and this name of Bevoine became of great note and sanctity in the family ever after, till the mishap of Abbess Bevoine the Second, in the sixteenth century.

[O'Brien paused here in the perusal of the manuscript. The name of Bevoine O'Flaherty was familiar to his memory. Either it had found a place in some of the wild tales of his foster mother, Mor-ny-Brien, in the isles of Arran, or he had lisped the name in his infancy. The sound, as he now audibly repeated it, came upon his ear as the echo of sounds known, and half forgotten — at once sweet and sad, the general character of old and broken recollections. He took up the manuscript and continued.]

1120—And now great descents and other trespasses by the O'Flaherties on the Clan Teig O'Briens of the isles of Arran, whom they bate back to the mountains. The Mac Taafs and the O'Flaherties fall to odds for a prey of cattle. Greate cosherings and cuttings on the people. Danish pirates spoil the lande, and

put all to the sword, the rest carried off by the plague.

1260—Murrogh O'Brien, chief of the Clan Teigs, prince, or lord of the isles, and near a-kin to the great king of Thumond, falls to odds with St. Grellan—greate cutting and coshering; the Abbot excommunicates him, he refusing his Easter oblation; he, Murrogh, layeth stone and faggot to the Abbey walls, cleaves the Abbot's scull with a hatchet, and carryeth off greate spoyl to the isles. The O'Fflaherties taking advantage of same, come down upon the town, and plunder the people with fire and sword, who cry woe! and ohone! (anglice, alack!) and the Mac Taafs waiteth for a pounce at the pass of Glen Murrogh, take a prey of cattle from the O'Fflaherties; great skirmishes through other.

1150—And now Murrogh of the isles, being stricken in years, became sore troubled of conscience, in respect of cleaving of the Abbot's scull with his hatchet, pays an eric for the

Abbot's head of 3000 cows, and maketh over in gift and oblation every caricute of lande he had won or held in the Bally-boe of St. Grellan to the Abbey, giving in lieu of the Abbot's head his best lands along the coast, also 500 herrings, and 5,000 oysters from every buss or barque, boat or piccar, breaking bulk on his head land on the coast of St. Grellan, called Knock-ny-huing, which are the best gifts in the bishoprick to this day, together with three holy crosses, brought from Rome, two embroidered vestments, for the Abbot, and a golden chalice. And so he took the cowl, and retired to a cell in the Abbey of Moycullen, in the habit of the order; where his tomb may still be seen to this blessed hour. He was callendered a saint by the Pope.

1161—Strange shippes neare the harbour of St. Grellan, thought to be English. The O'Fflaherties goe to armes, and gather on the coaste; the strange shippes make off. The divill sett his foote after them.

1162—King Henry Fitzempress of England, having caste in his mynde to conquer ould Ireland, seeing it commodious so to do, and being invited by the Irish princes fighting through other, gets a grant of the island from Pope Adrian, (bad cess to him, Amen!) and entering by force of armes, breakes the bounds of Ireland, according to ould prophecy,

“ At the creek of Bagganbun
Ireland will be lost and won ;”

The invaders having no hope of the harbour of St. Grellan, as I have shewn.

1175.—Munster submitteth (to the greate moan of the lande). Rorie O'Connor, king of Connaught, calleth a gathering of the chiefs of the prowence, layeth before them the dangerous estate of the lande:—for council and discretion are wont to stay hasty motion, and stop the course of rash device! So to armes they goe, horse and foote, kern, and gallow glass, stockah and horse-boy, chief and tributary; the king at their head, the O'Fflaherties bearing the banner

of the province; which put the M'Dermotts in dudging, and the O'Briens of the Isles disputing the king's right, claymed of ancient privilege by the O'Fflaherties of Iar Connaught: and so they cross the Shannon, and preyed the country to the walls of Dublin, where lyeth encamped Earl Strongbow, with his Norman gallants, who were fine in their apparel, nor could endure service in maresh and border, like the Irish, nor brooked open and remote places, preferring a warme chamber and furre gownes to woodes and bogges; standing upon the pantofles of their reputation, calling the Irish barbarians, polling, pilling, extorting, and what not.

And now the Irish chiefs, out of old grudges, fall to odds through others—the O'Briens against the O'Fflaherties—and are surprised by the Strongbonians,* who shew them small mercy;

* Speaking of this event, Harding, the admirable historian of Galway, observes, "These unhappy dissensions were at all times the cause of their (the Irish) ruin."

many are slayne, and many cross the Shannon, back with King Rorie, who maketh his peace with the English king, sweareth allegiance, and holdeth the kingdom of Connaught *ex sub eo* ;* and so it was as ever more in the londe.

1179.—English first sette foote in Connaught province. O'Fflaherty plasheth his woodes, and raiseth a castle of stone in St. Grellan, at which the bards cry “shame!” And Dermot More O'Brien, prince of the Isle of Arran, receives this yere twelve tuns of wine for protecting the towns of St. Grellan and Galway from all pirates and privateers. Now this Dermot More was immediate ancestor of Terence Baron O'Brien, now of St. Grellan, but formerly of Moyvanie and Cluanes in Munster, and of Caoluisge in Connaught, with a Caput Baronicum castle, or battled house, raised not without king's licence in the liberties of Dublin, the capital of the realm, now called O'Brien's House.

* This O'Connor was the last of the Irish monarchs; he died in the abbey of Cong.

King Henry III. seizes on the province, bestows it on one Richard de Burgho or Burke, head of the Clanrickards, who marcheth on St. Grellan, with English horse and foote, light armes, jacks and sculls, and bows and arrows; and two-edged swordes, to the marvel and terror of the people; but the English find ne dastards, ne cowards in the Ballyboe, but valiant men, stout hearts and handes, with horse and foote, and sling and sparth—the countrie faste with woode and bogge, and trenched and plashed. But of the towne and castle of St. Grellan, the English make small worke; the castle they crumble to the dust; and the townsmen being net-fishers, small craftsmen, and retainers of the abbot and bishop, are put to flight, the church alone is spared. Then was seen Giolla Dubh* O'Flaherty More, issuing betweene two dark

* Gialla, or Giall, was a great name in the O'Flaherty family; but such is the sweetness, copiousness, and great antiquity of the Irish tongue, that I know of no name in English to answer truly thereunto. Gialla or Giall expressing manhood, or the state of man, in contradistinction

woodes, descending from his mountains; his horse was fair, and ran as any stagge—he, tall of stature, well composed, and active, in countenance fierce; in his right hand he bore a darte, which he caste from him in token of defiance, then seized his sparth from one of his captaines, he flew forth at the head of his chiefs and gallow glasses, so as to break the English arraie! The Irish raise a shout!—but the wary English, clipping them in betweene hill and sae, get them on the champaign countrey. And now, being man to man, great strife ensueth—the English charging with their bows!—the Irish hurl their slings! The English, with their accustomed art, gette

to female, as one would say; for Gialla or Giall, means a male-hostage, or pledge, man-servant, boy, or lacquey; baggage-driver in the army, armour-bearer, poet, chariotteer, waiter, butler, or lower coachman, postilion, footman, runner, cup-bearer, groom, ostler, page, train-bearer, porter, confidant, secretary, plough-boy, sweep, or solicitor, according to the word placed after it. Such is the copiousness of the Irish tongue." See the *Sanasgaoihlgesagsbhearla*, or Irish English Dictionary, by O'Reilly, word Giall or Gialla.—Note by Lord Arranmore

the Irish betweene them and the sae, falling on them with their two-edged swords. The Irish being in this strait, choose to die like men, rather than drownlike bastes—no vantage ground is there now—it booteth not to fly on any side ; they fight sore—no mercie, but dead blows ; the Irish fall like leaves, within sight of their fathers' raths. The O'Fflaherty More is left in the midst of his enemies ; flourishing his sparthe or axe, swashing and lashing, like a lion among sheep, he backeth bravely towards the mountain. Some Irish, scattered among the bushes, raise the shout, and gathering together, come to the rescue ; the English turn on them—the Irish make feint to rune away ; the English following, are bogged in low moor-ground, and being environed with marishes, forsake their horses, and fighting valliantly back to back, doe free themselves from their bottoms, and make close retrait. The Irish eagerly pursue, and charge them with their slings. One De Courcey, with his company, turn their faces, and fight a cruell

fight—the earth is strewn, the Suck runs blood !
Each claimeth the victory, but who got the best,
there is no boast now made.

The English gett off, under covert of night—
the Irish that remayned, retraite to O'Fflaherties' rath or fort in the mountaines of Moycullen, bearing the body of O'Fflaherty More on their shoulders; his mantle well rent with English arrows, the ouldest blood in the nation gushing from his heart. The monkes of the abbey come forth to meet them with reed and rush, and raise the "ullaloo." The abbot did solemnize his exequies with great reverence; and to this day the people talk of the battaille of the pass of Glen Murrogh, where O'Fflaherty fell, defending his country: and no small blame was given to the Mac Taafs, who kept aloofe, playing fast and loose, laving their Fassagh without watch or ward, standing on the pounce, to take a prey of cattle from the O'Briens of the isles, who were then fighting valliantly the good cause, in Munster, under O'Brien, Prince of Thumond.

A. D. 1240.—The English, masters of all the champaign country, built towers, castles, and forts, and churches. The realm at this time in pace—the chief in his mountains—the priest in his church—the souldier in his garrison—and the plowman at his plow. English and Spanish merchants settle in St. Grellan: charter of staple and murage granted, gate and town wall erected, and castle of stone and lyme builded. The town more English than Irish. The O'Fflaherties come down and scour the place. The O'Briens¹ of the isles make a landing, and carry off greate spoyle. Great plague this yeare; also, upon the neck of it, comes over one Steffano, with the pope's apostolick mandate, requiring the tenth of all moveables, to mantayne his warres with Frederick, Emperor of Alemaine or Gernamie. The lords and laity, as well English as Irish, sayeth, “Nay, we will give the pope no tenths; neither subject our locall possessions to the church of Rome.” But the clergie, fearing the bulls of excommunica-

tion, with grudging yielded; the people sending after their money, bitter Irish curses; they being all driven to the worst, selling their goods to merciless merchants to pay their tenths; their cowes, hackneys, cadoes, cuppes, copes, altar cloths, chalices, and *aqua vitæ*. Father Thady Mac Taaf makes hard for the see of St. Grelan, but misses the cushion. The Kyng endeaoures to lay greate taxes on the Irish, to help him in his warres against the Frinch. Great polling and pilling of the Irish, which they could not brooke; so to warre they goe with the English,—the O'Neils of Ulster, O'Briens of Munster, O'Connors of Connaught, and O'Fflahertys of St. Grelan.

1276.—Great slaughter of the Irish this yeare, and spilling of the ould blood—overthrow given to the English at Glendalory—Murtoch O'Fflaherty, a notable rebel, taken and executed—Thomas, Earl of Clare, slays O'Brien Roe—The Irish draw such draught, they shut up the English in Slew-Bany, and

oblige them to cry quarter—Friar Falburn, B. of Waterford, Lord Deputy at this tyme.

1280.—Rose cruell warres betweene the O'Flaherties and the O'Briens ; great slaughter and bloode-shed ; also, between the Mac Dermotts and O'Connors. The Mac-an-earlies* overrun the country with fire and sworde. And now the English lordes and gentilmen begynning to incline to Irish rule and order, certain statutes are made for the preservation of English order, “ that no English subjects should make alliance by altarage, or fostering wyth any of Irish nacion ; nor no Englishman to marry an Irishwoman, on pain of forfeiture of lands and tenements, with divers other statutes for benefit of that English nacion.”

This yeare Monica Mac Taaf granted in Frankalmoigne to the cathedral of St. Grellan, 3 void pieces of ground, her jointure lande and orchard, and her right to a mill on the river Suck, she retiring to a nunnery.

* The earl's sons, the factious sons of the first Earl of Clanrickard.

1331.—This yeare, greate rebellion in Connaught ; ringleaders cut off every where. Great skirmishes betweene the O'Fflaherties and the O'Briens. Great slaughter of the mere Irish (by the English of Leinster), in Connaught. A dearth ensueth, famine killeth where the sworde spareth.

1336.—On St. Lawrence's day, the Irish of Connaught discomfitted by the English ;* were slayne three thousand Irish. Great variance betweene Fitz-Ralph, Primate, and the four orders of begging friars. Great storme ! wolves come downe from the mountaines and devoure the abbot's deer ; he maketh offering to the three jewels of Ireland, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Colomb ; buildeth a stone fence, by an English mason of the towne ; deer never devoured after—praise be to the three jewels !—Greate garboils in the church. Bushoppe of St. Grellan claimes the tithe fishe and woode

* The defeat of the Irish, led on by Teahlim O'Connor, at the battle of Athenry, established the English power in Connaught.

landes. Abbot of Moycullen proveth that the O'Briens gave ten acres of woode and stony grounde, in 1210, for ever in fee soccage, not in capite; also any black rent thereupon; also five hundred herrings, and five thousand oysters, from every buss or barque, boat or picar, breaking bulk on his head-land on the coaste of St. Grellan, called Knock ny Huay. Bushoppe showeth a grant of the Pope for the same—they fall to odds. The O'Flaherties back the abbot, the townsmen goe with the bushoppe, who is backed by the Earl of Ulster, and English troopes from Galway. Bushoppe wins the day, and gets the oysters to this blessed houre.

1400.—Greate oblations come in to the Abbey, and tributary offers from the great Irish families of the ould blood. Eel weir built. Holywell much resorted to.

1490.—Father Paddy Mac Taaf, a purveyor and a fine birder, brings down eighty curleus and fifty rails in one day. Great goss hawk at the Abbey, called “the Prior,” dies of a surfeit.

Greate disorder among the monks. St. Grellan's rule lost. Monks reformed by the friars of strict reformance of the Black Isle. Great glut of oysters this yeare; the Bushoppe translated to heaven after supper one night, which reminded the people of the goss hawk.

The Mac Taafs take English order, and goe in, doeing homage, and taking grant of their landes, before the Lorde Walter de Burgo, in the Castle of Portumna—also one of the O'Briens *facit fidelitatem et homagium*.

1530.—The O'Fflaherties refuseth all par-
lance with the Lord President, denying English
laws and statutes,* with great abusion of re-
proache for suche as take English rule, and
order, and habite, and tongue, saying in the

* "So frequent were the breaches of public faith, and the insecurity of any pardon granted to the Irish, that they became hopeless, and maddened into resistance: for many, who were received into protection, without being guilty of any new crime, and without a legal trial, were afterwards condemned and executed, to the great dishonour of her Majesty, and discredit of her laws."—Manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin.

teeth of the sayd Lord President, “ that it be oone of the destructions of the Irish, their never being threwe to each other, but selling themselves ever, and their mother lande, for title, and place, and power ;—as the ould Earle of Tyrone, O'Briens, Earles of Inchiquin, Macarthys, Earls of Desmonde, O'Connor, and others ; but as for him, he would stick, as his father had done, to the ould Brehon law, mantle, glibb, and crum-hal ;” and so he retired to his mountaines, and raised a fine pile of defence, a tower and rath, (now called a bawn).

1534.—Lord President, at the head of his bandes, with the banner of the province, six score kernes, and their captaines, a score bat-taille-axe, and little guidons, and a hosting of the men of Galway, joyned by the Mac Taafs, attack the O'Flaherties, and take the towne of St. Grellan. O'Flaherty escapes to the mountaynes—three of his sones killed—the towne of St. Grellan is bound in bond of recognizance, to observe the kyng's lawes, and pay obedience

to the English governor ; Lord President to receive fee-farme and cess of the porte ; (oysters and herrings secured to the bushoppe) ; no black rent to be paide to any Irishman ; the President, for eight days, is to cut passes through the woodes adjacent to his majesty's subjects, and to cleare the mountaynes, so to rid the lande of the wilde Irish ; and the President giveth regrantes of the Abbey landes to our lord, the abbot, also confirmeth the domayne of the bushoppe (both Englishmen) ; together with sock, sack, and toll, and judgement of fire, and water, and iron, and tryal by combat and jurisdiction of the gallows and pitt to one Kenelm Hunks, an Englishman, and scout-master of the province ; to whom the low landes of the O'Flaherties, being 4437 acres, with rents of 512*l.* sterling, are also made over for his good services.

1536.—The O'Flaherty taken in armes by a hosting of the lord-president, and a quest being passed upon him, he was condemned to death, and the provost and officers led him to death.

And he, dying stout-hearted, cursed his posterity, who should learne Englishe, sow corn, or build houses, to invite the English. He was succeeded, according to the law of tanistry, by Giolla O'Flaherty, his nephew : a powerful man he was, dark of aspect, and strong of arme, of great valour, and eminent piety ; so that he re-edified and re-endowed the abbey, now fallen to decay : saying he would build for God, and not for man. He was a zealous and faithfull childe of the catholick church.

1540.—Now heresy gaineth footinge in the londe : provost Hunks professeth it, and saying, “the king is pope,” is excommunicated by the abbot. One Browne, an Augustinian friar, denyeth the pope's supremacy, and is made arch-bishoppe of Dublin ; being the first of the clergy who embraceth the new heresy.

1545.—Dissolution of monasteries proclaimed by the lord-president ; great hostilities and stirrings ; Abbot escapeth to the Isle of Slattery ; Bushoppe conformeth, and so keepeth his owne.

1547.—New heresy established by proclamation; the fine ould abbey church plundered of relics and images by English souldiers, and monks put to the sworde.* The abbey landes annexed to the see of St. Grellan.

1551.—Mass restored by her most sacred majesty of blessed memory. Abbot and monks return to the abbey.

The abbot, an O'Flaherty, made bishoppe of St. Grellan; an English garrison received by the queen's order; grant of immunity to the burghers thereof. Giolla O'Flaherty keepeth quiet in his castle; endoweth the nunnery of Mary, John, and Joseph, with foure cantreds of mountaine lande, placing his daughter Beavoin O'Flaherty therein, as abbess, who receives a cross for the head of her crosier, from the Pope, contayning therein a bit of the true cross, which, to this day, is sworne upon. She was a fine and lovely lady, a great alms-giver from

* See Theatre of Catholic and Protestant Religion; also "Currey's Civil Wars."

her childhoode up, pre-eminent in learning and hospitality, and one who may be calendered for a saint, when her time cometh.

1560.—Abduction of the Abbess of Mary, John, and Joseph, by Murrogh O'Brien, chief of the Isles, who carryeth her off, she being on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory. And now greate strife and hurly-burly between the O'Fflaherties and the O'Briens; no tidings of the abbess for a year and more. Giolla O'Fflaherty attacks the Isles, and after much strife and uproarious contintion, expels the Clan Teig O'Briens, man and baste, and carries back his daughter, the abbess; that is, her dead bodie, to Moycullen, where she lies in a faire tomb, in the new chauntrey of the abbey. And a great *chree* was raised over her by the women of the Ballyboe. The story runneth, that she being much beloved by thesaid Murrogh, her abductor, and loving him much, from early youth, was forced to her veil and vow by her father, who hated the O'Briens, after the ould grudge.

And willingly went she with the said Murrogh to his Isles, where they were married by a Franciscan; for he, Murrogh, was of the ould descent, tall and dark-eyed and very comely, as the Dalgaiscan or Milesian race ever were, and a goodly gentleman, and of the sword, and heir to many subtracts of gentry; and had been sent more than once to bridle in the insolence of the O'Fflaherties, in ruffling times. He was, in his youth and prime, when first he beheld the most fair and lovely Beavoin, in the church of Mary, John, and Joseph, on an Easter day. And was called Murrogh na Spaniagh, from having been a sword and buckler man of the King of Spain, and fought valiantly against the Moors in Pagan lande. And the story went, that the Lady Beavoin was slain in his armes by her own father, who sought and found her within the walls of Dan Ængus, the rathe or fort of the O'Briens of Arran and what not.—Be that as it may, the O'Briens of Arran never flourished after, as will be seen in history; the O'Ffla-

herties holding possession of their islands of Arran, until the Queen, on pretext, backed by pike and gunne, did claim said isles, and get them: which sheweth what doeth ever come of meddling with Godde's own.

And here it seemeth notable to mention the ould Irish prophecy in regard of the O'Briens and the O'Flaherties, that love and religion would ever be fatal to them; till the cross, first planted in the land by St. Grellan, should rise triumphant by Godde's grace, and by the strong arme of the O'Briens. For it is well known that Heaven did openly manifest its favour to the great Aongus O'Brien at the battle of Iveleathian,—a sword falling from a cloud at his feet when he was sore pressed; with which he won the victory, and killed with the same sword the usurper of his crowne and kingdom, Mog Muagad; and hence the crest of the O'Briens, a naked arm issuing from a cloud, brandishing a sword, all proper. Motto—" *Vigueur de dessus*." And further goeth the prophecy of him shall re-

store his church and sept, an Irish distich, which done into fair Englishe, thus inditeth :—

“ Midst Ængus forlorne
Shall th' O'Brien be borne ;
And bear in his face
The mole of his race.”

* * * * *

Here O'Brien laid down the MS. which he had read with rapidity. He smiled to think how readily the accidents of his own birth and person might, in darker times, have been turned to the account of party, by the influence of superstition or craft, as in the instance of O'Donnel Baldearg. For the rest, the impressions made were very different from those which similar records, traditionally learned in childhood from the storytellers of the isles of Arran, and confirmed by Keating and O'Flaherty, had awakened. In the fables of national vanity and poetical hyperbole, he had then seen only a race of saints and heroes, perfect as the types of the martyrology, and ideal as the chiefs of Ossian's poetic strains. He now

saw them as they were, a barbarous people,* checked in their natural progress towards civilization by a foreign government, to the full as barbarous as themselves; their boasted learning, a tissue of monkish legends; their government, the rudest form of the worst of human institutions—feudality; their heroes, bold, brave, fierce, and false, as men, acting under the worst political combinations, and the most vehement of human passions: constantly opposed in domestic quarrels, to the destruction of their common interests, and always oppressed, because always divided. Still he saw them valiant, proud, and spirited; highly endowed, full of that creative imagination which constitutes genius, and animated by those strong passions which anticipate time, and lead to social advancement, by prompt decision and uncalculated innovation.

In the story of Murrough O'Brien and Beavoin O'Flaherty, there was something that

* Barbarous as the rest of Europe, in the dark times which preceded the glorious middle ages of the south.

touched and even affected him ; rudely and simply as it was told. What a world of feeling !—what struggles of passion and piety !—of prejudice and predilection !—what incidents and adventures, in the church of St. Bridget, in the wild fastnesses of Moycullen, on the turbulent Atlantic, and the rocky isles of Arran ! The destiny also of the two families, thus engrafted on the history of a country, and interwoven with its wrongs ! For the false combinations of a barbarous legislature nourished the provincial and municipal feuds, and cherished by persecution the institutions which so often quenched “ those best of passions,” love and patriotism.

It was curious to observe the same system still re-producing the same effects. His devout grandmother, Onor-ny-Flaherty, the origin of his own present adverse state, the victim of love and of a devotion equally ill-regulated. Rory Oge, the clan Tieg O'Brien of *his* day,—and again the mysterious rumours of the abduction of his aunt, the Abbess of St. Bridget, by the accomplished but profligate Count O'Flaherty ;

which he had so often heard alluded to in his boyhood, but which his father, rather evasively, than positively, denied. His granduncle, too, the Abbate O'Brien ! the awful object of his boyish recollections ! his father himself, writhing under some " compunctious visitings of conscience," connected with the religion he had abandoned, and to which he afterwards relapsed : —the perversion of his talents under the pressure of national prejudices, nurtured by national wrongs—his misfortune, his ruin, his long and mysterious absence—the inheritance of misery he had purchased for his son—a pauper nobility—the perpetual struggle between pride and indigence !—all these convictions crowded on his mind, and sunk him into the deepest despondency. He threw himself back in the old and creaking chair, and covering his eyes with his hands, yielded to impressions of wretchedness, which come with such fearful force when the spirits are previously prepared by malady or their own depression, to exaggerate circumstances in themselves baleful and dis-

astrous. He sighed deeply and often,—and once he thought he heard his sigh re-echoed—and so distinctly, that he started on his feet and listened; but all was silent, save the pattering of the rain against the windows, or the beating of the wind against the old gables.

He again, therefore, took his seat, and was about to resume the old chronicle, when at that moment, either the rattling of wind in one of the apartments, which opened into the sitting-room, produced a singular noise, or somebody moved within. O'Brien arose, and advanced to a door exactly opposite the place where he sat; but it was fastened. Believing that the movement (if any other than that by which the increasing storm shook the old edifice, and more than once brought the old woman's warning to his memory) was occasioned by Robin, who kept his sad vigils below by the bier of his grandmother, he again stirred up the fire, trimmed his wax-light, and re-assumed the annals. In turning over the leaves, he perceived that two pages enveloped with silver

paper, had stuck together. He opened them with some difficulty, and discovered a superb vignette, the *chef d'œuvre* of the book. It exhibited a faithful view of the Gothic archway of the Convent of Mary John and Joseph at St. Grellan, as he had last seen it in his boyhood. Within its deep shadow stood a woman in a religious habit, her head turned back, as if taking a last view of that altar (faintly sketched in the remote perspective) to which she had vainly vowed the sacrifice of all human passions. Without the arch, and leading her by the hand, with an apparently gentle violence, stood a young man in the Irish habit, as it was worn in Connaught in Elizabeth's time, in spite of laws and statutes forbidding truis and mantle, glib and coolun. O'Brien was struck by the bold outline of this figure, sketched as it was upon the sunny fore-ground, "*a colpo di pennello*," after the manner of Salvator Rosa's strong, but careless figures. All but the head was a mere sketch; but that was a finished

miniature. It was full of beauty, both in expression and colouring; and it seemed the high wrought copy of some original model, tinged with the idealism of the painter's fervid fancy. It was too much in nature, not to be a portrait, for there was even a dark mole upon the cheek,—but it was too beautiful, not to have received some of that “purple light,” with which genius knows how to embellish truth and nature. As he held the picture nearer to the light, he thought he had somewhere seen such a face. The mole, too, the O'Brien mole, like the cross of the O'Donnells;* such a mole as he himself had on his left cheek! He paused, and looked again; and blushing deeply, though alone, he at last recognized his own flattered resemblance.

Amazement, the most profound,—amazement even to an emotion that quickened his breathing, and accelerated the pulses of his heart, took possession of every sense. Who was this charming

* A mark said to be common to the members of this family.

artist, whose exquisite skill and delicate flattery had substituted his head for that of his celebrated ancestor, Murrogh-na-Spaniagh, one whose valour and heroism were on record, and who had died the victim of both, in the war of the Earl of Tyrone ?

In assigning this introduction of his own resemblance to paternal vanity, he was still at a loss as to the ingenious painter who had taken so perfect a likeness, for which the original had never sat. Conjecture was vain ; this little incident belonged to the mass of mysteries, in which his father had shrouded all his actions. Still such is the unconscious influence of self-love, that O'Brien took up the manuscript with a new and deeper interest ; but in replacing the vignette, he again unconsciously examined it with increasing accuracy. Details came out in the scenery, with which he was well acquainted. Every thing was clear, but that which he most wished to behold ; for the face of the erring abbess was shrouded in her veil. His

excited imagination, however, lent to this victim of bigotry a charm, beyond that of mere mortal beauty, a charm which high wrought enthusiasm and deep seated passion ever give to the countenance and figure they animate and inspire.

Under the influence of particular impressions, accidentally given to a mind the most imaginative, O'Brien had formed an ideal model of female influence, arising out of a position which placed the object beyond the reach of man's pursuit, and therefore the more irresistibly attractive. Such a character, formed to lead, to overrule all within its sphere, he suspected, he believed did exist, hiding beneath the religious scapular and vestal's veil, energies and talents that are rarely found in women divested of strong passions and vehement affections. He believed this highly endowed and enlightened being, with powers misdirected and overwrought, was but an accident in a system, an agent in a cause, which blasted and perverted all that fell within

its sphere. He imagined for a moment such a woman drawn off, and induced to abandon the great object for which she had been reared, and to which she had been devoted. He imagined in the invisible Abbess on whose veil he now gazed, such a woman—and the man!--He sighed! What were a thousand Lady Knockloftys to such a being?

He again took up the manuscript and read; but read for a minute with distracted attention, until gradually falling in with the subject, it became again deep and concentrated.

* * * * *

(Annals resumed.)

1560.—And now, Murrogh O'Brien gets a dispensation from the Pope, making his marriage lawful with the Abbess of Moycullen; and his son, *Murrogh-an-Urlicaen*, (Murrogh of the curly head), their issue legitimate. And of this issue of Prince Murrogh, of the isles, and Beavoin O'Flaherty, comes the family of the present

Terence O'Brien, late of St. Grellan, Esq., and claimant of the title of Arranmore.

1570.—Mass again put down. Litany ordered to be read in English, in the cathedral of St. Grellan. Popish images and relics to be removed. Every catholic not going to church, to be fined. The cathedral walls painted white. Scripture texts wrote on the same “in place” (sayeth the ordinance) “of idolatrous images:” great and sore persecution of the pore catholics, townsmen, and burghers, English and Irish. Abbot flies to Arran isles. Monks driven into boggs and fassaghs by English souldiers. A large bible sent down to be placed in the midst of the choir of the cathedral church of St. Grellan, to be read by the people, on penalty: (none reading English in that tyme, save the genteels, and few of them.) Castellated house built for the new prelatival bishoppe, called a palace, the ould castel, or mess, in the close, being much decayed. And now the Queen being *insensed* of the outrages of the O Fflaher-

ties on the O'Brien's isles, a commission is issued showing that the sayd isles do belong neither to O'Brien nor to O'Fflaherties, but to her majesty in right of her crown ; so, by her letters patent, she bestoweth same isles upon an English cap-tayne and his heirs, so that he would mantayne there twenty English soldiers. The county and towne of Galway and Bishop of St. Grellan memorial the Queen in behalf of sayd O'Brien, Lord of the isles since the Milesians, but in vain ; and the Mac Tiegs still claim these as their patrimony, and will evermore, to the ind of time and after.

1590.—And now the O'Fflaherty being accused of declaring against the Queen's supremacy, saying “ she was no pope ;” and not obeying the proclamation, and refusing to come in, at the rathmore of Mulloghmaston ;* and

* The English published a proclamation, inviting all the well-affected Irish to an interview at the rathmore, at Mulloghmaston, engaging, at the same time, for their security, and that no evil was intended. In consequence of

also accused of saving and succouring the crew of a Spanish bark, wrecked on his head lands; and he holding off with delays and delusions to answer these charges, the Lord President ordered the warre to be prosecuted gainst him, and a hosting to ride forth into his mountains: and so his territory was plundered, his tower taken, and he hunted into the woodes. And now the people of Connaught are sore driven by their English Lord President, Sir Richard Bingham: the sheriffs, and other officers following his example, enter county and town, barony and Ballyboe, and burgh and bishoprick of St. Grellan, with large bodies of armed men, pillaging, polling, violating, and murthering, where they list, and other barbarities as “ were sufficient to drive the best and quietest

this engagement, the well-affected came to the rathmore aforesaid, and soon after they were assembled, they found themselves surrounded by three or four lines of English and Irish horse and foot, completely accoutred, by whom they were ungenerously attacked and cut to pieces, and not a single man escaped.—See Curry's Civil Wars.

state into a sudden confusion.”* So that by famine, sword, and plague, the people are brought to such wretchedness as any stony heart would rue the same; out of every corner of the woodes and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands—their legs no longer bear them,—they like anatomies of death—they eat dead carrion, sparing not to scrape dead carcasses out of the graves. If they found a plot of shamrocks or cresses, they flocked unto it as to a feast; and the ould chief O’Fflaherty flying into the woodes, was there in a cabin slaine, his head cut off and sent to the Lord Deputy, having only a friar and horse-boy with him.

And now the O’Fflaherty, (his son,) is forced to come in. Though at the head of a powerful body of kernes and gallow-glasses, he submitteth, and surrendering all his possessions, received them back by letters patent, that same yeare, reciting that, “although the queen and her predecessors

* The Lord Deputy Mountjoy’s own words.

were the true possessors of the premises, yet that Rorie O'Fflaherty and his ancestors possessed them unjustly against the crown ;" and he being truly sensible of same, the queen accordingly granted to Sir Roderic, chief of his name, by the service of a knight's fee, all his manors, lordships, and domaines, with a proviso of forfeiture, in case of confederacy against the crowne. He rendereth the queen a greate service ; is made colonel in her army ; is knighted, and builds a noble castel of tenure, adjoining his old tower, with flankers and donjons.

1603.—King James, of the ould stock, (Milesian born), his access to the crowne ; long life to him ! Great rejoicings ; fires on every rock and rack in the Ballyboe ; light on the top of O'Fflaherty's tower—seen six leagues off at sea. Irishry received into protection, which breeds much comfort and security in the hearts of men. Sir Roderic O'Fflaherty elected a free man, he bearing scott and lott ; sits in Parliament ; disputes precedence with Colonel Teague O'Brien,

which is adjudged to the former; they fight near Isod's Chapel,* in Isod's Park; both are wounded.

1617.—Proclamation, for banishing the popish regular clergy, made in St. Grellan; great moan and marvel thereat. Sir Roger O'Flaherty censured in the Star-chamber of Dublin for speaking slightingly of the King's supremacy; retires to his castle in the mountaines.

1623.—Proclamation requiring popish clergie, regular and secular, to depart the kingdom, forbidding all converse with them; great moan through the Ballyboe; the Abbott of Moycullen holds his ground, backed by his sept.

1636.—Convent of Mary, John, and Joseph, of the order of St. Bridget, and other religious houses, seized to the King's use.

1641.—Great Irish rebellion put down by the King's forces; in the heat of which, starts up one of the clan Tieg O'Briens to claim the Island of Arran.

* Now chapel Izod.

1645.—Great rebellion in England; King murdered.

1649.—Parliament forces overrun the lande; great murther of the Irish; country burnt about Leinster—two thousand fires at once, seen from the steeples there; great plague and famine; meeting of chiefs, lords, burghers, and corporation of St. Grellan, and Iar Connaught, and Galway—resolve to remain faithful to the King's majesty. Sir Murtoch Na Doe O'Fflaherty raises a corps of two thousand men of his own people to join the royal forces; but he refusing to truckle to "the excommunicator,"* and being a great catholic, got the name of "the Marauder;" and lending his aid to the Lord Clanrickard in the King's behalf, kept his majesty's foes at bay, and often cleared the Ballyboe of the thieving Roundheads, but would join no foreigners.

* The Pope's nuncio, Cardinal Rinuncinni, so called. The catholic loyalists were divided into two bodies; the smaller, under the Pope's nuncio, were called the excommunicators; the others, adhering to the King, but resisting foreign influence, were named marauders.

Battle of Knock na Clashy—the last ever fought between loyal Irish and English rebel. The Parliamentarians win the day; old Sir Murtoch leaves three of his fine young sons dead in the field; the youngest Bryan, the Tanist, joins the King's standard in foreign parts. The town of St. Grellan blockaded by Cromwell's troops under Coote and Stubbes; townsmen resolve to sell their lives dearly; famine rages; two vessels laded with corn getting into the harbour, are pursued and taken by the Parliamentarians. Proposals now sent to the besiegers; town surrenders to Colonel Stubbes; articles being signed, are all violated. Colonel Stubbe preaches a sermon on God's mercy at the upper four corners. Surrender of the town, followed by a great famine and plague.

1653.—The military governor (a great saint and preacher), under pretence of taking up idle persons, "who knew not the Lord," makes excursions nightly into the woodes, mountaines, and country; seizes a thousand persons and

more, without respect of rank or birth, and transports them to the West Indies, where they are sold for slaves. Contributions raised, to the entire ruin of the towns-people; bible explained in the parish church, which is stripped of all ornaments; fifty catholic clergie, caught in the woodes, are shipped for the West Indies.

1654.—Petition from the English protestants of the towne to the council of state, that the mayor and chief magistrates should be English protestants, and the Irish or papists removed: ould corporation disfranchised; English souldiers made free men; orders issued, for all the popish or Irish inhabitants to leave the towne, to provide accommodation for English protestants. The St. Grellaners, driven out of the towne in midst of winter,—herd in ditches and poor cabins in O'Fflaherty's mountains. The town now a great barrack; houses fit to lodge kings fall to ruin. O'Fflaherty's country portioned out to the Parliamentary souldiers. Mac Taaf's fassagh sould to adventurers. Prelatical church or cathe-

dral converted into stables for dragoons ; chalices used as drinking-cups ; the lead of the ancient ould abbey of Moycullen made into cannon-balls ; the choir turned into a brewery ; and Abbess Beavoin's Cross, without the town, turned into a gallows. Bishop's verger hanged for decorating the cathedral church with holly and ivy on the nativity of our Lord. Parson Hunks fined and imprisoned for celebrating the mass done into English, on same blessed day ; great meeting-house erected for "the service of God," defrayed by applotments on the papists ; O'Flahertie's silver tankard, and great salt-cellar, with a cover, seen on the English governor's table.

1655.—Court of inquiry held to try a young gentleman, one Donogh O'Brien, of the clan Tiegs, found hiding in the caves of Knock Na Huay, under the fort of Dun Ængus, in the great Isle of Arran, he being accused of murdering four protestants in the rebellion of forty-one. Proves he was not then born. Is condemned and exe-

cuted same evening by torch-light, all the same, at Abbess Beavoin's Cross.

Now the story ranne that he was the O'Brien Mac Tieg, who was the direct descendant of Murrogh O'Brien and the Abbess Beavoin O'Fflaherty, and that it was remarkable that he was hung upon the fine ould cross, erected by O'Fflaherty Dhu for the peace of his daughter's soul, (the Abbess of St. Bridget,) at the four ways; and upon St. Grellan's Eve, above all nights in the yeare; and what was more remarkable still, that the said O'Brien was afterwards seen in the Isle of Arran, and swore many of the ould followers of the family upon the head of the Abbess's crozier to be true to the ould blood, and so sailed for Spayne.

1656.—Order issued that the governor of St. Grellan do forthwith remove thereout all Irish papists, and that no Irish be permitted to inhabit therein, (unless disabled to remove through age or sickness,) so that now no Irish are per-

mitted to live in the town, or within six miles thereof.

1660.—Restoration of the king's majesty; great rejoicing—fires on every rock and rath in the Ballyboe. Many of the new settlers quit the place—old natives hold up their heads. King orders the Lords Justices to restore the old natives to their freedom and estates.* Great contentions of the new settlers and ould inhabitants. Lords Justices turn a deaf ear to king's orders, who was said to have the two ways with him. Some of the ancient inhabitants flock to the town, but are expelled. Bishop and Abbot return together in a herring-buss—the one to his abbey in the mountains, the other to his palace

* “The catholics of Ireland, in the great Rebellion, lost their estates for fighting in defence of the king,” (says Swift) “and Charles the Second, to reward them, excluded them from the act of oblivion, and issued a proclamation, 1660, ‘That all adventurers, soldiers, and others, in possession of manors, castles, houses, or land, of any of the said Irish rebels, should not be disturbed in their possessions,’ ” &c. &c.

in the town ; they fall to odds about oysters and herrings. An inquisition taken, which finds that the abbey lands were vested in the crown in the reign of Henry VIII. The ould Abbot and four monks maintained in the ruins of the abbey by voluntary oblations. Old natives give security, backed by Lord Essex, Lord Lieutenant. Some permitted to return, but driven out again by the corporation. Colonel Sir Bryan O'Flaherty, the marauder, a great crony of the king's, and kinsman by alliance to the Lady Castlemain, his most sacred majesty's concubine, (being one of "those specially meriting favour,* and without further proof to be restored,") repossesses his estates; and the adventurers, or English settlers, removed thence, were reprized in forfeitures upon the estates of the Hunkes, and others manifesting rebellious intentions against his late

* "Who have, for reasons known unto us, in an especial manner, merited our grace and favour.' Among these favoured persons were Lord Taaf, Sir Brien O'Flaherty, and a hundred others."—See Irish Statutes, Charles II.

majesty; also on the estates of some of the O'Briens: they being "Irish popish rebels of the confederate army, over whom his majesty hath obtained victorie by his English and protestant subjects." Sir Dermot returns to Moycullen, to the great joy thereof. Repairs the ould abbey, and fits up the place for his own residence. Clears the pass of Glen Murrogh, so that my Lord President's coach drives within one mile of the stone gate of the outward court, on the occasion of the young Tanist's birth. Great doings, and the ould hospitality. Silver tankard and great salt-cellar, with a cover, found in a bog and restored to the family. Colonel Sir Bryan O'Flaherty, in consideration of his alliance in bloode to the whole towne, he and his posterity shall hereafter be freemen of the corporation. Great discontent of the townspeople; they mortgaged most of the corporation landes for several sums of money, which they handed over to the Lord Clanricarde for the king's service. After restoration, said loyal mortgagers

were found to be forfeiting persons, the premises vested in the king under act of settlement, who granted the entire to a fair lady,* widow of one of the grooms of his chamber, and this was the entire ruin of the town.

1686.—His most sacred majesty James II. proclaimed; all the ould natives and ancient inhabitants flock back to the town, without let or hindrance, and are restored to their properties and freedom. And now returns the O'Brien, chief of the clan Tiegs, from Spain, and recovers lands and fiefs, through the king's justices, and has good effects in Clare and elsewhere, and prepares his claims to bring before the Lords Commissioners of the High Court, established to that intent. The catholic clergy reclaim their respective places of worship. Abbey choir repaired, and windows sashed.

1690.—Great protestant rebellion, headed by the Prince of Orange. Protestant inhabitants

* A Mrs. Hamilton.

of St. Grellan sent out of the town to the north suburbs, for better security thereof. The friars of St. Grellan supply stores and other materials for the fortification of the town. Colonel Sir Roderick O'Flaherty raises a regiment among his own people for the king's service. Great preparation in the town.

1691. July 12.—Battle of Aughrim—all lost. The town of St. Grellan surrenders; English army burn the suburbs; the old natives and inhabitants quit the towne; papists disarmed. The prior of St. Francis flies to Spain, leaving one of the community to preserve the order in the town. The ladies of Mary, John, and Joseph, sent upon the *Shaughraun*, flying to and fro, like doves in a dove-cote before a hawk.

1691.—A large frog found in the fossée of the old castle of St. Grellan (now the jail), the first ever seen in the province since the time of Saint Patrick.

1691.—King William's army plunder and

murder the poore Irish at pleasure, in spite of His Majesty's declaration;* and many protestants and officers of the King's army who had more bowels and justice than the rest, did abhor to see what sport they made to hang up poore Irish people by dozens, without pains to examine them; they scarcely thinking them human kind: so that they now began to turn rapparees,† hiding themselves in the bog-grass of the Mac Taaf's fassagh, and in glens and crannies of O'Fflaherty's mountaines. And others of the better sort of papists, being driven out of the towne to go upon their keepinge, turn rap-

* The wise and benevolent intentions of King William, with respect to Ireland, were frustrated at every step by a faction, and by the licentious and disorderly rabble of foreigners who formed the greater part of the army.—See Harris's *King William*, and Burnet's *History of his own Time*.

† "Those who were then called 'rapparees,' and executed as such, were, for the most part, poor harmless country people, that were daily killed in vast numbers, up and down the fields, or taken out of their beds and shot immediately."—Leslie's *Answer to King's State of the Protestants*, &c.

parees, being forced to unquiet means. And before the woods were destroyed, or the mountains were cleared of their heath and under-wood, nothing was commoner than to find many, who from too much melancholy, grief, fear of death, and constant danger, being turned in their brains, did run starke, or live in tatters, subsisting upon herbs, berries, wild fruit, and the like.*

[O'Brien paused,—he thought he heard the lock of the door turn. He listened; but all was silent, save the pattering of the rain against the windows, and the blowing of the wind in sudden gusts. He felt he was nervous, and again read on.]

. . . subsisting upon herbs, berries, wild fruit, and the like; which gave occasion to the report of there being wild people in Connaught pro-

* Of rapparees killed by the army, or militia, one thousand, nine hundred, and twenty-eight; of rapparees killed and HANGED by the soldiers, without ceremony, one hundred and twenty.—Dean Story.

vince, and more particularly in Connemara. And wild indeed were they, in these troublesome times, and down to the present ; and when one of them was taken, which was very difficult to compass, by reason of their great nimbleness, exceeding even that of the common game, it would be with long and extraordinary care and management that they were brought to their senses, and sure were they ever to remain affected, or light.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAPPAREE.

By my troth, I will go with thee to the land's end. I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

Old Play.

O'BRIEN had dropped the annals of St. Grelan. There was a moisture in his eyes that obscured their vision, and for a moment rendered the perusal impracticable. The last passage, which he had twice read over, as the timid recur involuntarily to the objects of their fears, had deeply affected him, both by a general inference, and by a particular instance. There was something in its graphic delineation, which almost realized the wretched outlawed Irish gentleman, and the hound-hunted Irish peasant of Cromwell's time. It had touched a nerve in his heart, which vibrated painfully to the im-

pression. Twice he had passed his hand across his humid eyes, and pshaw'd and pished away his womanish sensibility; and, determined to read no more on a subject, which, combined with the heavy storm without, and the dreary desolation within, was unfitting him for the interview he awaited with his unfortunate father, he was about to amuse himself with the vignettes, when, in the next page to the melancholy description that had so deeply affected him, he found its illustration, in the full-length drawing of

A rapparee,
Or wild Irishman,
Of the 18th century.

It was evidently a portrait, being marked by all that truth, which a close copy of nature alone preserves. It represented a man in rude, vigorous senility. The figure was gaunt, powerful, and athletic; but the countenance (the true physiognomy of the western or Spanish race of Irishmen), was worn, wan, and haggard, and full of that melancholy ferocity, and timid vigilance

of look, which ever characterizes man, when hunted from civilized society ; or when in his savage, unaccommodated state, ere he has been admitted to its protection. A dark, deep, and sunken eye, with the Irish glib, cumhal, and prohibited coolun, or long, black, matted lock, hanging down on each side, added to the wild and wierd air of a figure, still not divested of manly comeliness. The dress, if a garb so tattered could be called a dress, was singular. It was that still worn at the time, by the natives of the isles of Arran : a frieze jerkin and truis, a conical cap of seal-skin, and the brôg, or sandal, fastened by a latchet. From the shoulders fell a mantle, folded across the breast with a wooden bodkin ; the whole giving a most perfect picture of a *wild Irishman*, as he was called, and exhibited on the stage in his traditional dress and deplorable humiliation, from the time of Charles the Second almost to the present day, —from Teague to Paddy O'Carrol.

Here again O'Brien, as he gazed sadly and

intently, recognized the resemblance of one, once dearly loved, and still deeply lamented. Although apparently worn by time or suffering, the strongly marked countenance, the gigantic figure, the form and attitude, recalled his earliest friend and foster-brother—the Chiron of his infancy and childhood—the man who, in nature's own gymnasium, had taught him to climb, to run, to dive, to swim, to sling, to wrestle, and to hurl,—the man to whom he was indebted for that strength, agility, and adroitness, that robust and unalterable health, which had served him so materially in the arduous profession he had afterwards adopted.

As he now gazed, in wonder and in pity, on this fine representation of a fine and noble animal, degraded into savagery, he recollected, with deep and dire emotion, the last moment in which he had seen the person, who had given the model of this characteristic picture. It almost maddened him, even at such a distance of time, to remember the hour, the scene, the event. He had full

in his memory the dauntless, bold bearing of a being so loved, when led from a mock trial to instant execution, “unanointed, unanneal’d”—his cool and careless eye, the look of stoical indifference he had worn, until he saw pressing through the multitude his mother, leading by the hand a youth—a mere child. Then, indeed, his countenance had changed ! O’Brien saw him turn his head, and hastily assist the executioner in the horrible preliminaries of his ignominious death : he saw the fatal cap, the rope—but he saw no more ! Even now, at the distance of eleven years, he sickened, as he had sickened then ; he felt the same fainting of the heart, as when he then fell senseless into the arms of the stern, tearless, and inflexible Mor-ny-Brien. The recollection suffocated him with emotion, he flung down the book, and rose to change the subject of his thoughts. But suddenly he paused, started back, shuddered. Doubting his senses, and as one spell-bound, he stood fixed,

gazed intensely, and breathed shortly, but spoke not—for before him, on the threshold of the door, stood the object of his melancholy reminiscence, the awful original of that fearful and affecting picture, which had curdled his blood even to look upon. It was indeed “the rapparee,” not as he had seen him in the prime of manhood, but the same in form, in dress, in attitude, as the vignette represented him, and in that half-crouching position, the habitual posture of vigilance and fear.

“Shane!” exclaimed O’Brien, after a long pause, tremulously and doubtingly; “can it be?—is it?—Gracious God!”

With a spring, like that of a wild beast restored to its ravaged young, Shane darted forward; and with a stifled burst of sound, which resembled the last whining howl of a dying wolf,—a sound such as those only emit, who have learned to “cry Irish,” fell at his feet.

Clasping the knees of O'Brien with his huge arms, he fixed his upturned eyes on his face with such intensity, such wild tenderness, as made its object shudder. O'Brien bent down, and embraced his foster brother and hereditary clansman, with all the earnestness of affection. It was a full minute before he could speak, or address him.

"Shane," at last he cried, "you live then? You are the person who has haunted me of late, who came to my rescue last night; you, whom I thought I had seen murdered! whose horrible fate first drove me forth a wanderer?"

"Ay, Musha! Shane I am; poor Shane *a vic!* Shane-na-Brien, who was hanged at Michael's cross, as was the fader afore him, for th' ould cause, praised be Jasus and his blessed moder, Amen! And the mark's left on me to this hour shure, like Moran's collar."*

* See O'Halloran's *Antiquities of Ireland*.

He bared his neck, as he spoke, and shewed a black circle, discolouring its muscular surface like a collar. O'Brien still bending over him, his hands clasped in his iron grasp, smiled on him through his swimming eyes, but strove in vain to speak; while Shane, gazing on him with ineffable tenderness (for a visage so stern and wild), seemed wholly lost in the enjoyment of the meeting. At last, looking fearfully round, he dropped his deep guttural voice, and asked in a low mutter, "Have you Irish?"

"Not enough to converse with you," said Murrogh. "I have almost lost my Irish, though I still understand it."

"Ay then," said Shane, still more wildly and vaguely, looking around him, with what seemed habitual caution; and then again fixing his eyes on the face of O'Brien, cowering timidly towards him, and muttering a phrase of Irish endearment, as if to disarm his apprehensions. He sighed deeply, exclaiming, "Och! the great

joy ! and do I touch you again, my *Vourneen Urlicaen* ?”*

“ You must rise,” said O’Brien : “ I cannot speak to you, while you keep this degrading and painful attitude. Pray rise, Shane ; you must, you must indeed !”

“ Huisht ! huisht ! a vic,” said Shane, evidently confused and wild, and with a mind as wandering, as his affections were concentrated, “ Huisht ! I wid not throuble you long. I’ll only look on ye a vic for a taste, and just touch your little *crubeen*† once again, and then I’ll be off to the mountains the night, and nivir throuble you more—no, troth and fait, only pray for ye on the knees of my heart.”

“ Trouble me ! Oh, Shane, how you mistake me ! indeed I am rejoiced to see you—amazed, but still rejoiced. But after what passed last night, you are not safe here.”

“ *Nil, nil,*”‡ said Shane, shaking his head.

* My darling, my curly head. † Your hand.

‡ No, no.

“Much as I desire to know by what means that life has been preserved, I dread to endanger it, by detaining you here a minute. You are not safe, Shane, here—I must repeat it.”

“*Nilin*,”* sighed Shane; “and am like the fox of Mam Turk, hunted from his lair, with the *arch-ghaid*† at his throat, and the pack at his traheens, aye indeed.”

“What could have brought you here, my dear Shane?” said O’Brien, gently forcing him to rise, and drawing forward one of the arm chairs, to induce him to sit down. But Shane, leaning against the old chimney-piece, as characteristic as one of its own supporters, rejected the offered seat, while O’Brien resumed his own,

“And what brought me here?” repeated Shane. “Och! Musha, what but yourself, ma vourneen. Shure it’s little Shane thinks of life, in regard o’ that; and have kept watch and

* I am not.

† The hound which first scents the morning dew.

ward upon you, since I first seed you in the great scrimmage yesterday; and was in th' ould *daoire*,* and you took me for an *arrach*,† Musha, I'll engage ye did, and th' ould *chree* ' *lambh laidre aboo*.' "‡

"The sound of your never-forgotten voice, the family war-cry, and your strange appearance, did indeed sorely amaze, confound, and agitate me. I knew not what to think of it."

"Ay, Musha," said Shane, with a half yell'd laugh, that gave to his visage an expression more grim, than even was natural to it—"and wouldn't shew mysel for fear to shame yez."

"And whence came you, my dear Shane,—from Connaught?"

"Ay," said Shane.

"And how did you find your way?"

"Och! I followed the track of thim that led."

* Oak-tree.

† A fetch, or ghost.

‡ The strong hand for ever.

“ And who were they ?”

Shane rubbed round his shoulders, and answered, evasively and smilingly, from an old Irish song—

“ Che shin ? Gudae shin
Nogh wanneen shae gho.”*

“ But how did you know I had returned ?”

“ Och ! I dramed it,” replied Shane, “ ay, indeed.”

“ When did you arrive in Dublin ?” demanded O'Brien, perceiving it was in vain to ask, what Shane chose not to tell.

“ Och ! Jasus be praised, yesterday,— and saw you afar off, a great *Gendreanaire*,† and knew ye by the knocking of my heart, and the mole on your cheek, and the eyes, and your mother's smile, agraph !”

“ Then, you had just arrived by the Phoenix

* “ What is it ? What is it to any one, whom it doth not concern ?”

† Officer, hero.

park, when I passed you under the tree at the head of my corps?"

"Arrah! Musha,* that's it intirely!" said Shane, gradually cheering up: "and never lost sight of you after (sorrow sight), till this blessed minute, Jasus be praised, and found you in the *Cean corrah*."†

"You have learned to speak English fluently," said O'Brien, "since we last parted—but surely not in Connaught?"

"*Nihil*; but were it was well taught, shure."

"And where was that, Shane?" asked O'Brien, almost amused.

"Och, in Rome!"

"In Rome?" repeated O'Brien, with incredulous astonishment.

"Shure enough, and larned it of the Irish Dominicans of our Lady of Peace."

"And what could have brought you to Rome, Shane?"

"*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*," exclaimed

* Arra, or arrah: I pledge myself.

† *Cean corrah*: "The Chief's House."

Shane, striking his breast with a terrific force ; while a slight convulsion passed over his grim features ; and he muttered with great rapidity and confusion some penitential prayers. Then suddenly assuming his wonted manner, he said, with a smile,

“ A great place it is.”

“ Then you went to Rome,” said O'Brien, with increasing amazement, “ on a pilgrimage of penance ?”

“ Ay, in troth : and the jubilee, and the *Santa Porta*, and the thrue cross !” And he drew from his bosom a string, to which one of those reliquaries was suspended, which are supposed by the faithful to contain a bit of the cross.

“ And how did you get to Rome ?” said O'Brien.

“ Och ! shure the grace of God and the blessed Virgin : and overtook in my corriele,*

* These boats, made of wicker work, covered with hides, are the only kind that could live a moment in the violent

a Galway merchant bound for Leghorn ; and begged and prayed my way to the holy city. And shure," (he added, rubbing his hands and turning their palms to the fire) — "our own cousin is suparior, father Kelly : and might have my bit and my sup to this day at our lady's of pace, only for ould Ireland, and the great yearning, ay troth."

"But how did you escape from — from St. Michael's cross ?"

"Och !" said Shane, cowering closer to O'Brien ; "Sure my moder wore the girdle dear, and see, here it is : " (and stripping back his ragged jacket, he displayed a small leathern belt, wrought over with Irish characters)* "and when they left me in great haste, the rain falling, and the storm blowing, and I like surf that generally beats on this shore ; and it is astonishing what a sea they will venture to encounter.—See Survey of Clare.

* Sir John Harrington observes, "It is a great practice in Ireland, to charme girdles and the like ; persuading men that, while they weare them, they cannot be hurt by any weapone."

the branch of a withered tree, Mor-ny-Brien cut me down, wid her own two hands and the help of God : and she reigns in glory with Christ and his mother this day, she that bore and saved me, *in nomine patris et filii—Amen*. Shure no harm could come to me while she lived—the last of the *Binieds* !* And she it was cut me down wid her own hands ; and in the caves of Cong, with fire and water, and the sign of the cross, gave back a pulse to the heart o' me, and breath and sight ; and the first word I spoke was an *ave*, and the next was a curse on the inimies of me and mine, to the ind of time. May the screech of the morning be on them, soon and often !—May the evil eye open on them every day they sae light !—May they never know pace nor grace in this world or the next !—May they die in a lone land, without kith or kin to close their eyes !—May they——”

“ Hush, dear Shane,” interrupted O'Brien, more shocked and alarmed by the expression of

* Wise women.

insanity, that was gradually distorting his haggard features, than even by his wild imprecations. "Remember you have triumphed over your enemies, since you live and are here—changed, indeed, since we last met in the isles of Arran, but——"

"Och, the sorrow much," said Shane, brightening up; "only in regard of the glib, and coolun, and cumhal;" and he stroked back his long, matted locks from his visage, and roughed the stiff tufts which bristled upon his upper lip; "and that's to hide me from th'inemy, since I comed here. For the heart o' me was in the place, and would rather be famished at home nor feasted far away; and be hanged in the midst of my people, nor have the stranger close poor Shane's eyes in a foreign land."

"But where, and how do you subsist?" asked O'Brien, his interest increasing with his compassion, and his early associations returning in all their ancient influence.

"Where is it? and how? Och, Christ is good,

and his holy mother, *Sancta Virgo Maria!*— But the paper * is still on the church door at St. Grellan to this day, the blood-money for the informer!— But who would inform against a Brien? Not the clan Tiegs of Arran, nor the O'Flaherties of Moycullen; and so keeps by times in the isles, and by times in the mountains, and sleeps where the fox has his hole, and the eagle his nest; and never lays head under shingled roof, nor goes near town or townland, nor where the Sassoni keep crock nor pan; nor where the traitor leaves the track of his *traheens*.”

“ But how do you subsist?—I mean, how do you live? I know there is shelter in the hills and fastnesses of Connemara for the hunted and the persecuted; but I remember when you fared well with our dear and excellent Abbé in the isles, and when your mother's hearth gave hospitality to all who needed it.”

* The proclamation of a reward for his apprehension.

“ Ay,” said Shane, his countenance assuming great tenderness of expression at the recollections of his insular home, “ Ay, and the cabin down by the cromleck, and the cow in the bawn, and St. Endeas’ Cross, and the ating and the dhrinking, and the puffins, and the sunfish, and the uishge, and the meed. And now the great-grandson of Con-na-Brien Mac-na-Reagh, who built the first stone house in Arranmore, and killed six oxen at Holytide for all who came, to be a poor wild *shular man*,* without cot or cabin, only for the christians that throw him his bit and his rag. But what moan in that? God is good; and the poorest has a soul to be saved! and there’s berries on the bramble, and cresses in the ditch, and wather in the ford; and is not that good enough for the wild Irish *giocah*?”†

The bitter smile, and sharp tone with which this was uttered, went to the soul of Murrogh.

“ And has this been your lot, my poor friend?”

* Wanderer.

† Vagabond, or outlaw.

he asked, with a sigh; “ you, whose mother’s plenteous board—my dear foster-mother—is it possible that they, who are honest enough not to betray you, would refuse to relieve your wants?” He paused, and then added, “ I remember when the scullogs of Connemara were noted for their hospitality, and their door was never closed against the stranger.”

“ The scullogs?” said Shane, sighing, and coming gradually to himself; “ but it’s not now as in th’ ould time; and when the poor, wild shular comes to the bawn, the curs bark, and the garlaghs cry: and then, a vic, the pride of the Briens ’bove all—”

His voice faltered, and he dashed the big tear from his eyes, with that deeply ejaculated “ Ochone !” of Irish grief, which none but an Irish bosom can heave. He wept not, however, alone. O’Brien covered his face with his hands and wept too, but not fairly and frankly; for youth, in its mistaken pride, blushes for the feelings by which humanity is most honoured. Still the

emotions he struggled to conceal, were not unobserved by one to whose lone and unreciprocated feelings such tenderness was balm,—by one, whose temperament, made up of all the warmer and more vehement affections, was counteracted, but not wholly hardened by habits, which necessity alone had rendered savage and ferocious.

“Come, come, Shane,” said O’Brien, rising, and taking his huge hands kindly in his own, “your trials, your sufferings are now, I trust, nearly over. Had my father known your situation—but till within this last year, he has not I understand visited Connemara since my mother’s death—now, however, come what may, while I live, and have hands and strength to labour, you cannot want. With respect to your past afflictions, I am sure, a life so miraculously saved, will not again be taken (even if you were recognized) upon the old accusation. But then, the adventure of last night was one of no small peril. That it was on my behalf

too—and yet, even with all this, I am so rejoiced to see you, so delighted to see you alive, my dear old friend, that, for the moment, I can admit no other feelings.”

“Why then, are you, machree,” said Shane, with a burst of sobbing joy, “are you glad to see your poor ould Shane, your foster-brother? And you too, a lovely fine *uasal*,* and a great scholar and captain!” Then dropping on his knees, and taking from his breast a bog-wood rosary, he repeated, with wild and fanatical vehemence, and in hedge Latin, ‘*Ave Maria, gratiæ plena : dominus tecum. Benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc, et in horâ mortis nostræ—Amen.*’ ”

“And now,” he said, putting up his rosary, and starting on his feet, “that’s all I wish or want; and won’t trouble you more, machree, but

* A gentleman.

just go back to th' ould place, light of foot and heart. Ay, troth! and that this blessed night, or early the morrow, any how."

"Indeed, I think it would be wisest to do so: and the sooner the better. But, Shane, there is some one else here as interested, at least, almost as interested for you as I am:" and he was about to open the annals, and inquire, who was the delightful artist who had given them so high a value, when he was struck by the sinking of Shane's head on his bosom, and the dimness of his eyes, still fixed on himself.

"You are not well," said Murrogh, anxiously; "what is the matter? You seem faint and weak?"

"The heart of me is wake," said Shane, smilingly, "that is all, shure."

"Weak, Shane, your heart?"

"*Och, wurristroo!* it's only in regard of the place, and the thick air, not all as one on the hills of Connemara. And there's no cot nor

caban here, only great houses and castles, and the door shut, neider hob, nor hearth, nor bit, nor sup."

"You are faint from hunger, then?" said Murrough, with a suffocating sensation of intense sympathy.

"*Thah,*"* said Shane, whose English seemed exhausted with his spirits. O'Brien flew to the buffet. The cake and the usquebaugh were to him, at that moment, as the spring in the desert. He held them forth, and Shane snatched at them eagerly, and devoured them voraciously. Cheering up gradually, under their nourishing excitement, he exclaimed, at intervals, as he ate and sipped, "*Agus ne barneen bræc. Agus ne uishge buy.*"†

"It is all I can find," said O'Brien, delighted

* It is ; yes.

† "*Barneen bræc,*" spotted cake, a cake with currants in it. "*Uishge buy,*" yellow water. Buy is the box tree, whose wood is yellow.

to observe the effects of the small portion of nourishment produced; and now wholly engrossed by the object of his affections, his cares, and anxiety, to the total exclusion of every other idea. "Sit down," he continued, "sit down, dear Shane, and do not hurry yourself;" (for he was fearful that the ravenous manner in which he ate, would be injurious to him). He threw the last fragment of the old wainscot on the fire, and drawing his chair closer towards it, he contemplated with satisfaction the gradual kindling of Shane's eye, and the deepening colour of his wan cheek. Shane, having now drained the flask to its last drop, seated himself at the hearth, after the old Irish fashion, his legs drawn up (till his knees were almost on a level with his chin), and clasped by his gaunt arms; exhibiting the attitude of those, who in castle or caban "sat waking and watching over a coal" till the dawn should lead them to prey or poll some "enemy's country," or till the tale-teller should lull them to sleep after the

wolf chace, by such "rambling stuff" as his wild fancy suggested.

This last specimen of the Rapparees of the earlier part of the last century had the true Irish spirits, formed for every excitement, to madden into riotous gaiety, to sink into gloomy despondency. Intoxicated alike with joy and usquebaugh, basking in the red blaze of the fire, he now sat, the image of savage felicity; his eyes glistening, his accent chuckling, and his haggard features distorted by a play of gaiety, which rendered their expression still more wild and fierce.

"As you now sit and look on me, Shane," said O'Brien, gazing intensely upon him, "you recall at once the days of my happy childhood, . . ."

"*Thah*," said Shane, rubbing his hands and smiling.

" My foster-mother, and every corner of the cabin near Dun Ængus."

"*Musha thah*," said Shane, with a chuck-

ling laugh, and smoothing back his long, lank coolun.

“She was a strange creature,” continued O'Brien; “her mysterious disappearance from the Isles of Arran was never accounted for.”

Shane nodded his head in token of assent, and compressed his lips.

“She never settled after,” said O'Brien; “there were some wild tales circulated of her being met in the mountains of Moycullen, by wayfaring people; you, Shane, have doubtless heard the story about the ruins of the abbey?”

“She died a great saint,” said Shane, evasively, “pace to her soul, and glory to her memory. Amen.”

O'Brien observing that the subject agitated him, changed it; and added—“Mor ny Brien was greatly gifted; her memory was miraculous, and her voice most melodious.”

“*Thah!*” (exclaimed Shane, his stern features relaxing from their temporary compression)

“ *clarsagh na vallagh*, she was called far and near—ay, troth——”

“ Which means the *harp of the village*, if I remember right?”

“ *Musha, thah !*” said Shane, much pleased ;
“ and hears her voice in the mountains to this day, when the wind is asleep, keening th’ ould moan !” *

The tears suddenly started to his eyes, and rolled down his haggard cheeks in big drops.

“ With what delight,” said O’Brien, “ I used to listen to her stories of the tribe of Dalgais, and the feats of the heroes of our family—of Cas, son of Conal of the swift horses, and of Fionne Mac Cumhal——”

“ Agus Ossin,” said Shane, suddenly brightening up, and shaking back his coolun, and wiping his eyes in his hair.

“ Yes,” said O’Brien, “ I remember the effect of her Irish Cronan, that began ‘ Corloch,

* The Lamentations of Connaught.—See Walker’s History of Irish Music.

haughty, bold, and brave,' and Cucullin's challenge to him. You remember that, Shane?"

"*Thah!*" said Shane, swinging backwards and forwards his gigantic frame, and cheering gradually up. "*Agus an Moira Borb.*"

"Yes," said O'Brien, rather in soliloquy than in dialogue, and wholly borne away by the subject, which now called up, not only past, but present associations;—"that tale of Moira Borb, the Irish enchantress, the Irish Armida, is a strange coincidence with Tasso. There is something in it even more than coincidence—

‘All' apparir della beltà novella
Nasce un bisbiglio!’ ”

"Anan!" said Shane, staring.

"And there was a spirited controversial dialogue, too, between St. Patrick and Ossian," continued O'Brien, "which she used to sing to a wild strain."

"*Ossin agus St. Phaedrig,*" repeated Shane, making the sign of the cross.

“ And that sweet old air, of which the burden was, ‘ I am asleep, do not awaken me.’ ”

“ *Ta mi mo hoolah, na dushame,*” interrupted Shane, now not touched, but rapt.

“ And Carolan’s receipt, sung by old Donogh ?”

“ Ay, Musha,” chuckled Shane, “ a great *abra** *Donogh an abhac*,† a great *gramog*.”‡

“ There are no impressions like those of early childhood,” said O’Brien, “ particularly when received in such scenes, and with such people.”

“ Nil,” echoed Shane, who was now thinking in Irish, and so spoke it.

“ How well I remember,” said O’Brien, “ going round St. Ængus’s Cross on my knees.”

“ *Ængus a Naoimhe*,” § said Shane, blessing himself instinctively at the name of his patron saint.

“ Does Conlas’s rath still stand ?” said O’Brien.

“ Och, Musha, to the fore,” replied Shane.

* A song.

† Donogh, the dwarf.

‡ Buffoon.

§ Ængus of the saints.

“ And still blazes, I suppose, on the first of May, with many a merry bonfire ?”

“ The *Bel tean*, * Musha, ay.”

“ What has become of that curious, long, twisted wand, which used to stand in the corner of your mother’s hearth ?”

“ The *slahan Draodheath* ?”† asked Shane—
“ Abbess Beavoin’s crosier ?”

O’Brien started at the mention of a name that had so recently and so powerfully interested him.

“ Och, thim has it as has a right to have it,” said Shane, mysteriously.

“ I suppose you have not one story-teller, one *Sceadluidhe*, left in Arran ?”

* Bel’s fire.

† The druids’ staff. The use of the crosier is said to be derived from the augur’s baton, and this probably (being of Tuscan origin) came from the East. The druids likewise used the crosier; deriving it, in all likelihood, from the Phœnicians. Hence it has been thought, by some antiquarians, that the introduction of this article of furniture into the Christian church, came directly from the druids.

“ *Virgo Maria!* Ay, plinty,” replied Shane.

“ *Agus* ould Fergus, the *clashmanaigh*.” *

“ Indeed! those Arranites never die; one is tempted almost to believe their fables of longevity.”

“ Shure the bed of Coemhan,” † said Shane, emphatically.

“ How well I remember,” said O'Brien, stretching out his legs, and folding his arms, while his countenance exhibited the imaginative influence of his memory, and all its thick-coming fancies—“ How well I remember your mother placing me on that rocky bed, to recover me from my lameness, and the severe manner in which she was rebuked by the Abbé O'Flaherty, for her attachment to such superstitious ceremonies.”

* The jester.

† The bed of St. Coemhan, much famed for its miraculous cures, through the mediation of the saint, of infirm persons, particularly the lame and blind.—Transactions of Royal Irish Acad. vol. xiv.

“ Ay, in troth,” said Shane, stirring up the embers with a brand.

“ You remember, too, I dare say, Shane, how I got that lameness ?”

“ *Agus* the puffins,” said Shane, laughing, “ and the clifters ! and great sport that night ! And you a *donny* cratur, not that high—no, indeed—*avic Machree* !”

“ Good God ! what a scene ! what magnificent desolation ! what a subject for a Salvator ! I see it all now. We stood on the summit of the cliffs, looking down the almost fathomless precipice, suddenly illumined by a beautiful *aurora borealis*.”

“ Ay,” said Shane, rubbing his huge chopped hands.

“ You let me down by a rope, tied round my middle. I remember its pressure, and my swinging in mid-air, till I reached the strand below ; I now hear the flutter of the puffins.”—(Shane made a noise, imitating the flight of the birds.)—“ You followed ; I see you now, half

way down. If the rope had broken—it makes my head reel to think of it! There is a reckless hardihood in children, the result of ignorance, that——certain it is, I would not now do what I then did so carelessly—nothing could tempt me.”

“*Naen, naen!*” said Shane, shaking his head, and evidently rather guessing than understanding, the abrupt apostrophies of his quondam pupil.

“But you were then my guardian angel,” added O’Brien, smiling kindly, as, borne away by that vehemence of feeling (the virtue and the weakness of an ardent and impetuous temperament), he stretched forth his hand to the rapparee—“And you are still,” (he continued, “at least you would be, a barrier between me and harm.”

“Ay and troth,” said Shane, with a growling fondness, “and the heart’s blood would flow for you every dhrop and *mille** welcomes.”

* A thousand.

“Of that I have no doubt; I can have no doubt of your devotion, Shane; but, I fear it. Your desperate efforts in my behalf last night, your being now in the very neighbourhood of the military whom you attacked.”

“The *boddah Sassoni!*” * exclaimed Shane, fiercely, his whole countenance assuming a ferocious expression, darkling, glowering and distorted. “*Croisha na Chrishla*,† an they wid tiche an hair of your *vourneen urlacaen*, or blink an eye agen ye;” and he seized a carbine, which, on entering, he had deposited against the wall; and which O’Brien now, for the first time, observed.

Heart-struck at once by his devotedness, and by the insane vehemence with which it was manifested, he threw his arm over Shane’s shoulder, and said, in a soothing tone, “But I trust, my dear Shane, there will be no further occasion for your gallant and affectionate interference. My only fears now are for you. Are

* The Saxon churls.

† Cross of Christ.

you aware of the risk you ran in entering the Castle last night? I am sure I saw you there."

"Are you, *a-vic*!" said Shane, now affectedly pre-occupied in piling up the embers.

"You were followed by a chair so closely that——Have you any knowledge of the person who was in it?"

"Soldier, that is your prisoner," interrupted a voice from the further end of the room. O'Brien, with the rapidity of lightning, threw himself before Shane, who, starting on his legs, levelled his piece over O'Brien's shoulder, with the look of a wild beast, hunted to his den, and eager to protect its young. A file of soldiers now entered, halted by command, and drew up in line; while a civil officer, who accompanied them, stepped forward, accompanied by three gentlemen; and O'Brien beheld with consternation, Captain O'Mealy, Lord Walter, and Lord Charles.

There was a pause, a silence. Amazement, and a still deeper interest sat on every counte-

nance. But, on the face of O'Brien, as it paled and reddened, as his eyes dimmed and flashed, as his compressed lips quivered and refused all utterance, was exhibited an emotion, in which every passion, save fear alone, had its share; while the deepest and direst mortification of wounded pride, at the exposure thus made of his forlorn and ruinous home, and at the strange position in which he was discovered, was almost the least easy of endurance.

He was about to address the intruders, with all the temper he could affect, but observing that when the civil officer was advancing towards him, Shane cocked his piece, he snatched the murderous weapon from his hands; and speaking to him as well as he could in Irish, he invoked his discretion, and observed to him, that resistance could then only aggravate his danger. Shane threw around him a terrible glance; then letting fall his eyes, and shaking down his long locks, he drew his tattered mantle

around him, and stood the image of sullen, silent, and ferocious despair.

O'Brien, drawing up, and assuming a look and tone of haughtiness, but ill-suited to his wretched situation, addressed the civil officer—

“Who is it, Sir, you look for here?”

“This person,” said the officer, “whom we find with the very carbine he violently took from a soldier of the Royal Irish brigade, last night, and with which he fired at this gentleman who commanded the party.”

“You are certain of his identity?” said O'Brien. “You can swear to his person?”

“Yes, I think I can,” replied the officer, smiling; “it is not easy to mistake him. I saw enough of him last night in the fray of the Strugglers, and at the rescue of yourself, Mr. O'Brien, out of the hands of the police. He has been traced this evening to this house, and seen entering it over an old wall in the rear, not an hour back.”

O'Brien then turned coldly and haughtily to the gentlemen, and asked, "And to what circumstance, my lords, am I indebted for your presence, at an hour somewhat unseasonable, to say the least of it?"

"Oh!" said O'Mealy, winking at his companions, "we were sure of finding you at home: as Lockit says, 'the Captain's always at home,' and so"

Lord Walter here pushed back his vulgar associate, and taking off his hat, said, "Mr. O'Brien, our intrusion is indeed unseasonable, but it was as utterly unexpected both on my part, and that of Lord Charles. It requires explanation and apology. We had not the slightest idea of your being in this house, when an idle curiosity tempted us to enter it. Happening to dine to-day at the mess of the Prince's Own, with Lord Charles, where Captain O'Mealy came after dinner, (on a message from Lady Knocklofty, to join her at the ball at the Rotunda), an account arrived that the

unfortunate man now before us, had been dogged to an old house in this neighbourhood. The strange description given of a genuine wild Irishman, and of the almost super-human feats he performed yesterday, (of which Lord Charles was a witness, and, but for you, would have been a victim), induced us to accompany O'Mealy and his party, on our way into town. I have no doubt," he added significantly, and taking O'Brien's reluctant hand, which he cordially shook, "that a similar curiosity has likewise led you here. But since we can none of us be of service, and since we have fully satisfied our curiosity respecting this Irish champion, I think, Lord Charles, we had better proceed, and not keep Lady Knocklofty's horses waiting this tremendous night."

"I think so too," said Lord Charles, hesitating, and rather sideling towards O'Brien, to whom he had taken off his hat, and recognized him by a surly bend, which O'Brien had as sullenly returned. "We are destined," he con-

tinued, "Mr. O'Brien, to meet under singular circumstances."

"I can have no objection," said O'Brien, significantly, "to meet Lord Charles Fitzcharles under any circumstances."

"Come," said Lord Walter, taking his friend's arm, "let us be off, we can be of no use here, and ——"

"Stay, for the love of the Lord," interrupted O'Mealy, catching Lord Walter's sleeve; "wait a minute, and 'pon my honour I'll be with you, before you can say Jack Robinson. Sure, you would not lave me to walk to the Rotunda in my silks, pumps, and white kerseymeres: and I to lade off the first set to the tune of Money Musk with Lady Mary O'Blarney? — Pace officer, where are you? Soldiers, surround your prisoner. We'll deposit him, for the night, in the barrack dépôt. Serjeant, take charge of this carbine; it is hanging evidence. Mr. O'Brien, my dear, upon my honour and conscience, as a gentleman and a soldier, it greives me greetly to sae you in

such a situation, it does 'pon my honour; and shut up at this 'witching time of night,' as th' immortal says, coshering and colloquing with that murdering ruffianly Irish giant there, to whom Magrah's skeleton in the 'natomy room of your college is but a fairy. I beleive, pace officer, that is, I am afraid, we cannot well be off arresting Mr. O'Brien too, till he can give an account how and why he was found here, a party concerned in this den of thieves and robbers: for that's what it is, beyond all doubt, or I am greatly mistaken. And you'll mind, Mr. O'Brien, that no later than this evening, as the castle clock struck a quarter to six, just as we parted at the gate, you told me you were going to O'Brien House, to my lord your father's: and it was my fullest intention to tip you the pasteboard, and give you the provoke to a mess-dinner before night. Instead of which, I find you here, to my intire surprise, in a murdering, ugly, ould ruin, sated, quite at home, with your book and your bottle beside

you, and cheek-by-jowl, with your pot companion there. And you, Mr. O'Brien, that pledged me your solemn word of honour, that you knew neither act nor part of"

"Hold!" exclaimed O'Brien, in a tone that made O'Mealy step back some paces. For thus exposed in all his penury,—pride, rage, and indignation, gave an almost super-human expression to his countenance. There was in his look and voice something stunning, which startled even the animal courage of O'Mealy.

"Hold!" he said. "Stop there. Whatever may be your idle suspicions, founded in ignorance, and expressed in all the insolence of your temporary authority, give them no further utterance. You *must* believe, you *dare not* doubt an assertion, to which I have pledged my honour."

"Be aisy; be aisy, now, my dear fellow," said O'Mealy, with a cajoling and humorous tone. "Now, I just ask you, fair and quiet, did you not give me your word, or what came

to the same thing, assured me that you knew nothing of that rebelly thief?"

"Nor did I then, Captain O'Mealy : I was utterly ignorant of his existence. Not an hour since, I most unexpectedly found in this poor unfortunate man, an old friend, and faithful follower of my family. My long absence from Ireland, and my belief of his death, prevented me from recognizing him, in the frequent and strange rencontres we had yesterday. For the rest, let me suggest to you, and to the civil officer, under whose authority you doubtless act, that your prisoner is not quite sane ; that he acts under the influence of strong mental derangement ; and that his hallucination will, I trust, not fail to acquit him of the matter with which he may be charged. And now, Sir," he continued with an evident effort and struggle of the mind, "with respect to this old house, which you have been pleased to name a den of thieves, it is, and has been for nearly two centuries, a family mansion ; and though, since I last saw

it, it has been dismantled and dilapidated, it was once the residence of my ancestor the great Earl of Inchiquin, and is now his lineal descendant's, my father's house."

"Well, my dear fellow," said O'Mealy, good humouredly, "laste said is soonest minded; and as to the ould house, if I have hurt your fine feelings, upon my honour I am heartily sorry for it; and I can say no more. But I suppose, the pace officer here will expect you to find some surety for your appearance for all that, in regard of your being found cheek-by-jowl with this Fin Macool here."

"Certainly I shall, Captain O'Mealy," said the officer. "And Mr. O'Brien, you had better accompany me at once; as it may be difficult to procure two sureties at this hour, and the night so bad."

"There can be no difficulty whatever on the subject," said Lord Walter; "I offer myself for one bail."

"And I," said Lord Charles, "for the

other ; if Mr. O'Brien will do me the honour to accept of me."

" I am much flattered," said O'Brien, frankly, and with much feeling, " and will gratefully accept of both, if it be really necessary."

" A friend in need's a friend indeed," said O'Mealy. " Did not I tell you, my dear fellow, you were born under a lucky star? 'Pon my honour I did. It's worth while gitting into a scrape, to have lords' and dukes' sons going bail for one,—it will cut such a dash in the papers. But we must keep moving ; for Lady Mary is watching for me, I'll ingage,—so, sarjeant, do your duty."

The gentlemen drew back, and gathered round O'Brien at the fire-place, intreating him not to interfere. The soldiers moved forward upon their prisoner ; who, firm, erect, and drawn up to his full gigantic height, stood like a fixture of the old building. He had imperceptibly, and step by step, drawn back, (followed by his guard), till he now stood in

front of the pannel-door which led to the back stairs, and which was then half closed. When, however, two soldiers, perceiving his immovable firmness, seized him by the shoulders to drag him forcibly away, his countenance darkened, his eyes flashed, and by a sudden spring he dashed them on one side, sending them reeling for several paces; and with the rapidity of thought he darted back and closed the door upon his retreat. Others of the military now rushed forward to force an entrance and pursue the fugitive; and thus, precipitating themselves on one spot of the rotten floor, the fatal and natural consequence ensued—the floor gave way. The awful, terrible, and dinning crash which followed was rendered more horrid and astounding by the shrieks of the unfortunate men, who sunk with the mass of rubbish into the yawning chasm, mingling with the report of their fire-arms, with the din of the still falling building, and the roar of the storm without. The shock given by the fall, caused an universal

vibration to the whole building: rafter after rafter gave way, and beam after beam. A chimney, which fell through the tiled roof, spread increasing destruction. Gushes of thick, suffocating dust filled, for a time, the horrible abyss, and almost stifled those who still remained on a fragment of the floor, which extended a few feet beyond the great chimney-piece. These were the two lords, Captain O'Mealy, O'Brien, and the peace officer. Amidst the horror and consternation of an event so fearful, bricks and tiles still falling—doors, windows, and shutters rattling in the storm, both within and without, they still preserved sufficient presence of mind to recognize their danger, and the possibility of escape; while the cry of “*Faer ghim, faer ghim, Agus, keep to the fire-place,*” issuing from beneath the window near which they stood, convinced O'Brien that Shane was safe—a conviction, that cheered him into hope for the safety of himself and those around him.

When he could make himself heard, (for the light being extinguished, he could not be seen,) he begged of all to stand quiet, and remain where they were. The hearth which they occupied, he said, was supported by holdfasts, lately erected, and the beams of that end of the floor were fresh and uninjured. He then made to the window next the chimney-piece, threw up the sash, and shouted for assistance. The building was already surrounded; men with lanterns and flambeaux were visible at a little distance; and the glittering of arms also shewed that some of the soldiers had escaped, and that others had joined them from the royal barracks on the other side of the river. A lofty figure, much above the stature of those around him, forced forward through the falling bricks and tiles, and fixed a ladder against the window.

The gentlemen descended in safety, O'Brien ast; but scarcely had he reached the earth, when he saw himself in Shane's arms. "Away! away!" he said, extricating himself from the

embrace. At that moment, the part of the building they had just left, fell in, with a horrible crash, and the chimney-piece, the fine monument of antiquity, was precipitated with it into the ruins. Still the outward walls held together ; and by the light of the flambeaux, the back stairs were seen hanging as it were in the air, like the geometrical staircases of modern times, without visible support.

When the cloud of dust, formed by the last fall, had somewhat subsided, and the house could be approached without imminent peril, O'Brien (satisfied that Shane had escaped), busied himself in giving relief to the sufferers by this fatal event. He thought of poor Robin, buried, doubtless, with the corpse of his grandmother, beneath the ruins. He rushed on through dust and lime, followed by the humane and the courageous ; and was soon joined by a party of pioneers, whose pick-axes and spades were of infinite use. Many of the soldiers, who had fallen through the floor into the hall beneath,

were wounded ; but all, though nearly suffocated, escaped with life, and were carried off by their comrades. Two dead bodies alone were discovered, on which the coping-stone of a wall had fallen. By the glare of a flambeau, were discovered the mangled remains of the unfortunate Robin, beside those of the deceased Alice.

While O'Brien was thus penetrating into the interior of the building, Lord Charles, Lord Walter, O'Mealy, and the constable, were fully occupied without, in preserving order and keeping out the crowd, which, in spite of rain and wind, had assembled from the neighbouring purlieus of the barracks and of Watling-street.

Every blast of wind still continued to shake the wreck of the ruined fabric ; and O'Brien, believing that the walls would soon follow, was himself retiring ; rejoicing that amidst the sad events of the night, his father had escaped ; when, as he stumbled over heaps of rafters and lime, the faint shriek of a female voice caught his ear. Astounded, he paused, turned round,

looked up, and doubting the evidence of his senses, beheld a female form standing on the still suspended stairs, between which and destruction there seemed to be but a moment of time.

The nodding ruin now received a terrible shock, from a burst of the increasing hurricane. The crowd fell hurrying back;—O'Brien plunged deeper and deeper within the walls, till he stood beneath the perilous staircase, which rocked like one of rope.

“Spring down at once,” he said, opening his arms to receive the trembling person, above whose head, fragments of the roof were falling, tile by tile. As he opened his arms, she half bent forward, as if to leap; when, from the other side, the cry of “*Faer ghim ! faer ghim !*” arrested her attention; and springing down, with the light dart and hardihood of a bird, she was received in the arms of Shane. At that moment the whole pile fell in, with a tremendous roar; and O'Brien, with his arms folded over his head,

sometimes beaten down, and again plunging forward, scarcely credited his senses, when he again found himself beyond the reach of danger, surrounded by the Lords Walter and Charles, O'Mealy, and a multitude of people.

The gentlemen endeavoured to carry him from the spot, and to persuade him to accompany them into town, as nothing further now remained to be done: but he was under powerful excitement, and fearful that Shane, and the object of his humane and perilous exertions, were buried in the ruins. As soon as he had recovered breath and strength, he made known his fears to the bystanders. His mind, however, was set at rest by one of the crowd, who assured him that a tall man, carrying a woman in his arms, had passed him at the Ferry slip, and by this time was on the other side. Fortunately, this information was given, out of the hearing of O'Mealy and the peace officer; and O'Brien's heart, though still thrilling and palpitating, was, as far as Shane was concerned, for the present

at rest. He now accompanied the gentlemen, walking arm in arm with Lord Walter, towards Lady Knocklofty's carriage, which had drawn up at a short distance, under the shelter of the *porte cochère* of Moira House, while curiosity had detained the footmen at the scene of recent action.

As neither the dress of the party, nor the state of their spirits, permitted them to join the ball at the Rotunda, Lord Walter proposed to O'Brien to set him down at the College; but he declined the offer, on the plea that the condition of his clothes, (covered with the dust and rubbish of the ruin, and drenched with rain,) would render a walk safer to himself, as well as spare the delicate silken hangings of Lady Knocklofty's vehicle. All that he could be prevailed on to accept, was Lord Walter's great-coat. While he was drawing it on, Lord Charles, putting his head out of the carriage window, observed, in his languid way,

“ Mr. O'Brien, you have said, that you could

have no objection to meet me under *any* circumstances: will you allow me, then, to cut ceremony short, and make you a proposition for a meeting to-morrow?"

"Undoubtedly;" said O'Brien, coming closer to the carriage window, "when and where you please."

"Well, then," said Lord Charles, "the when, six o'clock, and the where, at our mess dinner; with Lord Walter for your second, and our friend O'Mealy for mine: and then, with glasses charged to the brim,

'Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough.'

I know this is not your Irish way of settling differences. But, hang it,—whatever an Hibernian may think, I have no great gusto for taking away the life of a man who has saved mine."

"And who," said O'Brien, returning the cordial shake of his hand, "must ever value his own the more for the success of the effort. I

accept your challenge, my lord, as frankly as it is given."

"Upon my honour, this is a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands," said O'Mealy, "as my friend, Sir Lucius, has it. So I shall not say a word on the subject, only that I'm glad to be a party concerned."

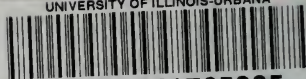
Lord Walter now 'shaking the hands of both the young men, expressed his satisfaction at the termination of an affair, in which both, or neither, had been in the wrong. The carriage then drove on, to set down the gentlemen at their respective homes; and O'Brien, as the College clock struck eleven, entered the gates of *Alma Mater*.

END OF VOL. II.





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